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PRESIDENT WILSON'S message urging upon Congress the prompt appropriation of money for food relief to Europe, on the ground that only by food can the westward progress of Bolshevism be checked, may help to open the eyes of Americans to the real issues at stake in Europe. What would it profit the French and Italian imperialists to secure control of bits of additional territory if the cosmopolitan proletarian revolution coming toward them gained head enough to sweep all European national institutions into the sea? What would it profit the overburdened British and French and Italian taxpayers to secure financial reparation from the Central Powers if the revolution prospered and abolished taxpayers along with the property and privileges out of which they pay taxes? In the face of revolution the claims and counter claims of the late belligerents look petty and archaic. It has been hinted that the Peace Conference may have to transform itself into an international committee of public safety. There is doubtless some exaggeration in this view of the state of Europe, but not even the calmest observer would be willing to vouch for the continued stability of European institutions if widespread famine is to be added to the other conditions making for disorder.

WHEN the armistice was signed the party of revenge in America and the Allied countries expressed vigorous opposition to any plan for feeding Germany. Let the Germans taste the fruits of defeat. But now that it is coming to be generally recognized that short rations for Germany mean disorder for the rest of the world, the most revengeful among us admit that we must keep Germany fed. This is progress toward a sane view of European conditions, but we need still more progress. We need to recognize that employment is necessary, as well as food, if the forces of order are to prevail in the defeated countries. British and French and American exporters would like to see Germany kept out of the trade in raw materials and in export manufactures until control of neutral markets can be established. It is profitable to control those markets, no doubt, but it is more profitable to check the spread of anarchy by setting the population of the Central Powers at work. And how can they be set at work promptly unless they are permitted to engage in the import and export trade? Shall they be urged to go to work on internal improvements? After their industry is under way again, yes; but for the present it is impossible to see how such improvements can be organized and financed.

IN Germany, as in other countries, millions of men are trying to piece together again the torn shreds of their old lives. They are done with Kaisers, Crown Princes, militarism and, they believe, with capitalist exploitation, but they want an orderly evolution, rapid but gradual, and above all, peace, food, work, wages. The more lethargic and less imaginative envisage the necessary changes as less drastic than the conditions probably require, but even the Majority Socialists, who, after all, are

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not reactionary, recognize the necessity of order in change. They desire the cooperative commonwealth, but they wish it to come by due process of evolution. Against these plans, most sharply opposed to them, are the plans of the more extreme Socialists, the Spartacides, the men whom we are learning to call the German Bolsheviki. These men wish to make haste hastily. They distrust the tortuous processes of representative government. They fear that the working class leaders, now in control of Germany, will become corrupted, not by money but by expediency, compromise and the timidity which comes with political responsibility. Unless Socialism, pure and unadulterated, comes now, they fear that it will not come at all. The working men leaders, the Eberts and Scheidemanns, will become merely the unpaid and unconscious representatives of a new and more powerful group of German capitalists and of world capitalists. The Spartacides wish to cut the knot. They wish to establish a temporary dictatorship of the proletariat, during which period the power of capitalists will be undermined, the conventions and traditions that favor capitalism uprooted. Thereafter majority rule may be re-established.

FOR us the immediate problem is not whether the underlying philosophy of the one group or of the other is correct. We are not mainly concerned with the question whether the Soviet form of government is better or worse than a government by political majorities elected by geographical constituencies. If Germany could go over peacefully and unanimously to the Soviet form, we could well afford to have this vast political experiment tried out for our enlightenment. Unfortunately, however, the experiment cannot be tried out peacefully. The Spartacides, representing only a minority, are compelled by that very fact to use the weapons of force and terror. Facing opposition in the Allied countries as within Germany, they are impelled by the necessity of survival to throw the whole world into confusion, to upset the governments of Poland, German-Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Serbia, and, if possible, Italy, Belgium and other countries. Their leaders have no illusions about the matter. They understand that it is war—civil war and foreign war, starvation and destitution. And yet, in their view, a view opposed by the vast majority of Germans, this blood-stained path is the only road to the salvation of humanity.

UPON an issue similar to this the German elections of January 19th are to be held. If these elections can be held and if, as seems probable, the Spartacides are completely defeated, there will be a chance for an orderly development of a German democracy, Socialist, or, at least, Socialistic; for a treaty of peace with the Allies, for a resurrection of German industry, and for the creation of stable conditions throughout central and eastern Europe. Even with a successful election, however, the battle will only have begun. If by any chance the reactionary elements in Germany should gain control, the Spartacides would immediately gain the adhesion of many proletarians who are opposed to them to-day. Again, if the Constituent Assembly to be elected fails to work out a suitable constitution, or fails to do this rapidly, there will be danger of a Spartacide uprising. Constituent assembly or no constituent assembly, however, the whole building will blow up—and soon—unless the Allies are wiser than they have been hitherto. The Spartacides want no election. Even if it goes off smoothly and without too much bloodshed, the situation though improved will not necessarily be saved. Germany is still in danger of famine. She may have enough food for January, and even for February and March, and possibly even for April, but she has not enough to get through. There are overcautious men in the Allied countries who are afraid that if Germany is fed she will never sign the peace. The exact opposite is true; she will not sign the peace unless she is fed. Unemployed and starving, she will throw the immense weight of her power, influence and intelligence upon the side of world anarchy, and, having nothing to lose, will play desperately for a world break-up.

SOUTH Germans have never been unduly friendly to Prussia; still less are they eager now to come into a republic under Prussia's domination. On the basis of this consideration some writers on international politics are predicting a dismemberment of Germany, the South German States and German-Austria forming a confederation that would confine Prussian influence to its own dreary domain. This is going far on a small capital of political fact. Prussia was disliked and feared not so much because a particular type of Prussian was brutal and domineering as because Prussia held a position in the German imperial system that overbore the particular interests of the lesser states. Imagine that all America east of the Mississippi were one state, having a majority of the members of Congress, firm control of the Senate, the Presidency, the army, the civil service. Imagine, too, that this huge state was afflicted with an oligarchical system which placed real political control in the hands of a caste unpopular at home and detested abroad. Would not California, Iowa, Texas and the other states of the west

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grumble? They would seek a remedy, however, not in secession, but in the break-up of the overgrown state. That was what von Hertling wanted to do with Prussia. Most Germans, probably, would agree that it ought to be done; and very probably it will be done before the present revolution has spent its force.

WE cannot believe that the French demand for the annexation of the Saar valley will be granted by the Peace Congress. It is pure sophistry to urge that this would not be a real annexation because the territory was under French sovereignty before 1815. It was German territory then, and had been German territory since time immemorial; if it found itself under French rule that was only because French strategy and diplomacy had an easy way with a divided and distracted Germany. The real reason why France wants the territory is because it contains coal mines that would go very well with the iron mines wrested from Germany with Alsace-Lorraine. That is just as good a reason, and one no better than the reason for annexing the Briey ore fields to Germany advanced by the six industrial associations in the days of pride going before Germany's fall. The whole world gave voice to its amazement that the politics of plunder should thus openly flaunt itself. The French nation has exhibited such courage in battle, such magnanimity under desperate trial that we cannot believe it properly represented in claims that savor of gross and short-sighted cupidity. The French are a logical people and will recognize the fact that the seizure of the Saar valley would estop them from all appeals to international morality if in a later time Germany, having recovered her military power, should attempt to take back not only the Saar valley but the iron mines of Alsace-Lorraine as well.

MODESTY is not one of the characteristics of the inchoate political bodies that are hoping to be recognized as states by the Peace Conference. Poland will not be content with the recovery of independence within the national limits of the Polish race, but yearns to encroach upon German soil on the Baltic, upon Lithuanian soil on the borders of Russia, upon Ukrainian soil in Galicia, and upon Slovak soil in Silesia. The Rumanians make the most of their possible claims in Bessarabia, Bukowina, the Banat, the Dobrudja. The Jugo-Slavs hurl defiance at the Bulgarians, the Rumanians, the Magyars and the Italians. The Czecho-Slovaks press their claims vigorously against Germans, Poles and Magyars. The rule in every case appears to be to claim all you can on the basis of nationality and as much more as you can on the basis of historic right. It is chauvinism gone mad. And realizing that in the end history exacts a price, with interest, for such performances, these nascent states are already beginning to cry out against possible future disaster. So the Czecho-Slovaks are now asserting that whatever happens German-Austria must not be permitted to join with Germany. Before so gigantic a state Czecho-Slovakia, with its German areas annexed without a plebiscite, would be fated to tremble.

THE recent launching of a national Labor party in New York, Chicago, and other cities, may easily result in a coalition of old-line parties here as in England. Such a result seems only conditioned upon the unity of the new faction. Socialists and laborites of England have worked practically without friction to make the workingman effective through political action. If they can lay aside partisan pride there is no doubt that in the long run our labor unions and Socialist locals, combined, perhaps, with the Non-Partisan League, will form the most powerful liberal group in American history. The sudden success of the middle-western organization of farmers indicates that the times and tides are opportune for progressive ventures And the New York convention, wisely following the principles worked out by the English Labor leaders, has given us in its platform a sane enunciation of demands for a new and better order. There has been no more attractive rallying cry for many decades. It remains to be seen whether the opportunity will be appreciated by the rank and file.

MR. SHEETS, secretary of the National Association for Universal Military Training in the United States, has sent Mr. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, a letter from which we quote part of a sentence: "We believe it is impossible to secure the necessary man power for an army of occupation in Europe without the adoption of universal military training." Mr. Sheets believes also that this army will have to stay on the job for a year or two after the formal conclusion of peace. His argument, so far as we understand it, amounts to something like this: In order to keep our army of occupation at its proper strength for one year or two years, all we need is universal military training for an indefinite number of years. This will not be a popular argument. A good many Americans, reluctantly admitting that our army of occupation must stay where it is for a while, will change their minds just as soon as Mr. Sheets has convinced them that this cannot be done without universal military training.

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Lloyd George and the Soviets

IT was manifestly a great shock to the French government to learn that Lloyd George actually contemplated the admission of delegates of the Soviet government to the Peace Conference. It was a shock to the New York Times and to everyone else who had gone on the assumption that Russian conditions have been accurately portrayed in the current propagandist literature of the Russian reaction. To recognize a band of brigands, uneasily balanced upon the edge of a counter-revolution—what an astounding proposal!

If the Soviet government were really a band of brigands, holding power by the precarious tenure of terrorism, Lloyd George would certainly know it, and knowing it, would prefer any alternative to even the most shadowy recognition. But the interventionists have already had ample time to exhibit the real strength of the forces so violently opposed to the Soviet government that they would eagerly rally around the nucleus of an intervening army. Those forces, in fact, have proved incredibly weak. A handful of men about Tchaikovsky in the Archangel district, a few thousands associated with the Czecho-Slovaks in eastern Russia and Siberia, together with insignificant forces operating independently under Kolchak, Horwath and Denikin—that is all the contribution Great Russia with its hundred millions has been able to make to the cause of establishing order in Russia by alien intervention. Unless some better solution can be found Russia will have to be given up as a bad job. That, in fact, is the way events are tending. The Japanese reserve to the number of 30,000 are reported to be at the point of withdrawing. The British government is plainly preparing to withdraw its forces and the American troops will hardly remain long in Russia. The Czecho-Slovak troops, in spite of their discontent, will remain as long as the French government insists on it, since Czecho-Slovakia needs French support in the Peace Congress. They have already put forth all the strength they have. It is barely sufficient for self-defence.

Another policy, apparently favored by the French, would be greatly to strengthen the forces of intervention and to attempt systematically to subjugate the land. But that policy would require the services of huge armies. It would involve a financial outlay running into the billions. And it is plain as day that neither Britain nor America will send her sons to indefinite service on the Russian steppes or add to their present burden of indebtedness to finance an enterprise of this character. The forcible subjugation of the Soviet republic is altogether impracticable in the present mood of the world.

And yet mere withdrawal does not appear to meet all the requirements of the case. Few or many, there are Russians who have compromised themselves with intervention, and some effort should surely be made to protect them against destruction. How this can be done is indicated by Lloyd George's proposal. As the price of representation in the Peace Conference, the Soviet government would be required to declare a truce for the period of the conference. In the give-and-take of the conference it should be possible to secure from the Soviet government a decree of amnesty. It might be possible also to secure some sort of agreement on the treatment to be accorded opposing political parties in the future which would check any tendencies toward the renewal of terrorism. And for that matter, it is by no means certain that the Soviet government might not be induced to make concessions in the matter of Russian bonds held abroad. That would go far toward reconciling France to Russian democracy.

But what reason have we for believing that the Soviet government would care to come into a peace conference at the price of a truce, or, if participating in the conference, would prove amenable to reason as the delegates of the western nations conceive it? The Soviet government is one that has passed beyond the purely revolutionary phase. It has accomplished its work of overturning the old institutions. It must soon exhibit its capacity to govern or give way to a new order. In the present condition of Russia governing means successful handling of the economic problem. The Russian masses want peace, and they want the necessaries of life, the implements and machinery of labor. They need access to international economic resources, and the Peace Conference can give it to them. Who shall say that there are no possibilities of Russian pacification in Lloyd George's plan? At least, it is the only plan that has been proposed that offers any substantial promise of success.

The Rights of National Minorities

LITTLE by little Americans are coming to understand that among the most delicate and baffling problems to be dealt with by the Peace Congress are the problems of nationalities hopelessly intermixed on the soil of a single state. These are indeed the principal problems to be solved in the whole area formerly dominated by the Dual Empire, the Balkan States and Turkey. Are the members of one nationality in territory placed under the sovereignty of another to be subjected to a forcible process of assimilation, or to expulsion if assimila-

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tion does not work? Then the adjustment of boundaries at best will work grave injustice to individuals. It will engender inextinguishable animosities which will ultimately put to a severe test the capacity of the League of Nations to keep the peace. Are the fundamental rights of national minorities to be guaranteed? Then even serious errors in the delimitation of states will not be necessarily fatal to international good will. Jugo-Slavs under the Italian flag, Magyars and Germans under the flag of Rumania, need not feel utterly abandoned of fate if they are permitted to keep their mother tongue and national culture, if they enjoy equal rights in the parliaments, the civil service and the courts, if they retain their property rights and their professional privileges.

Before the Peace Congress admits Italian claims to territory inhabited by any considerable minority of Jugo-Slavs, or Jugo-Slav claims to territory containing significant Italian, Bulgarian, Rumanian or Magyar minorities, it should first demand a statement of the methods by which it is proposed to deal with the national minorities. We already have a statement covering this point from the spokesmen of the Czecho-Slovaks. National minorities in Czecho-Slovakia will enjoy proportional representation. If one-quarter of the population of the Czecho-Slovak State is German, one-quarter of the representatives in Parliament may be Germans, if their people avail themselves of the political means at their disposal. Minority languages are to have equal standing in the courts; the different nationalities are to enjoy equal access to positions in the civil service; separate schools are to be provided, at common expense. All this, of course, with qualifications imposed by practical necessity. If the German children in a Czech district are too few for the organization of a school, they will have to accept education in Czech schools, and vice versa. Even with so liberal a policy there may be reasons why the Germans of northwestern Bohemia should be opposed to inclusion in a Czech State, or the Czechs northeast of Vienna to inclusion in a German State. But those reasons are much less compelling than the reasons that lay at the bottom of the resistance of the Bulgarians of the Dobrudja to inclusion in the Rumanian State after the Balkan wars. Those Bulgarians were ruthlessly deprived of all political and civil rights. They could either make Rumanians of themselves or leave the country.

But with what face shall we Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen demand of Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Bulgaria and Rumania that they make special provision for the rights of national minorities? We do not ourselves recognize national minorities at all. Only those who are Americans, by birth or by assimilation, can count politically in America. A demand on the part of Italians or Czechs that they should be granted national representation in our legislatures, that public money should be appropriated for Italian or Czech schools, would be met by a storm of indignation. Well, we may as well accept the fact that the homogeneous national state is the product of a peculiar environment, and is restricted to limited areas. In France, England, Spain, Germany, Scandinavia, and the United States, state and nation have become practically coterminous, either in consequence of community of blood or in consequence of assimilative processes unimpeded by differences of religion or of national genius. But from central Europe east and southeast there is not and never has been any real homogeneity of population within areas sufficient for the establishment of a modern state. Everywhere two or more nationalities live side by side, and no matter how striking the numerical inferiority of the one, it preserves its identity generation after generation. It is now over a thousand years since the Ladiners of southern Switzerland have been exposed to majority assimilative forces. They have not surrendered their peculiar character. Neither will the Slovenes of Istria nor the Italians of Zara surrender their peculiar character, though the Peace Congress may separate them politically from the main body of their nationals.

But is it not possible that when boundaries have been properly established the process of migration will gradually free each state from its unassimilable elements? Will not the Bulgarians living in Bessarabia, the Dobrudja and Macedonia withdraw within the confines of Bulgaria, and the Greeks in Serbia, in the Italian possessions, in Bulgaria and Turkey, withdraw to Greece? The case is an improbable one. The tenacity of the national minority even under dire persecution is little short of miraculous. But this consideration apart, there is a powerful practical influence making for a perpetuation of national intermixture. That is the difference in national genius, and the consequent difference in economic functions.

All around the eastern shores of the Adriatic and the Aegean and the eastern Mediterranean there is a marked national difference between the inhabitants of the ports and the inhabitants of the back country. The ancient commercial races—Italians, Greeks, Jews, Syrians and Armenians—hold the port cities. Pastoral and agricultural races, like the Jugo-Slavs, the Magyars, the Bulgars, Rumanians and Turks, occupy the country. So it has been since time immemorial, and so it is likely to continue to be. Indeed, if peace can be assured in the Balkans and Asia Minor, the commercial races

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are likely to penetrate even more deeply into the territory of the pastoral and agricultural races. The intermixture of nationalities will become even more characteristic than it is to-day.

This condition is one that the Peace Congress will have to recognize if its dispositions regarding southeastern Europe and Asia Minor are not to prove an obstacle to peace. It will have to work out principles safeguarding the rights of minorities in every territory to be transferred from one jurisdiction to another. This means that the influence of the Peace Congress and of the League of Nations will have to be thrown against the ideal of creating in this region homogenous national states after the models of western Europe.

The ideal of a homogenous national state was perhaps an agent of progress in its proper domain, although its realization involved endless wars, infinite misery. Transplanted to the Balkans and the Levant, it has wrought little but mischief. The Macedonian and Armenian massacres perpetrated by the Turks; the brutal expulsion of Greeks from Bulgarian and Turkish soil; of Bulgars from the Dobrudja and Macedonia, and, during the present war, of Serbs from territory occupied by the Bulgars, prove what mischief can be wrought by the nationalistic ideal applied outside of its natural domain. There can be no settlement of the territorial questions of the Balkans and Asia Minor that will not produce unimaginable misery unless definite limits are placed upon the process of nationalization.

Even with the rights of national minorities assured the problem of fixing the boundaries of the several states will be a difficult one. The Italians of Fiume, even though assured of fair treatment under a Jugo-Slav state, would prefer to be united with Italy. The Slovenes of Istria would prefer to be united with the Jugo-Slav state. But the interests they would have at stake would not be so grave as to counsel open resistance to the decrees of the Peace Congress. With no assurance of national minority rights, the interests at stake would be grave indeed. They might easily lead to resistance.

And that is an extremely serious consideration. It is of the utmost importance that the decisions of the Peace Congress should be such as will produce a maximum of contentment. European politics are in a condition of extremely unstable equilibrium. They will continue in this condition as long as the problems of Russia, Lithuania, Poland and the Ukraine remain unsettled. If in addition southeastern Europe and Asia Minor are flaming with discontent and sporadic guerilla warfare, there is danger that the whole structure created by the Peace Congress will collapse.

Let Us Have Patience

FINALLY after a long delay the Peace Commissioners are assembling in Paris. The delay has been irritating to public opinion, and the enemies of the administration—particularly the Hearst-Reed-Lodge combination, which is opposing a League of Nations—are preparing to take advantage of this increasing impatience. They will use it in order to bring pressure to bear on the President to hasten the parleys, to patch up some kind of a temporary settlement and fetch home the American troops. Yet of the many possibilities of error to which the precarious and perplexing condition of the world's affairs renders the people of America liable, the least excusable would be an impatient attempt to sacrifice the quality of the result to the speed of its attainment. People who are starving, or bleeding, or being threatened with immediate civil war cannot be blamed for regarding with feverish impatience the slow-moving processes of peace, but the American people, as compared with the peoples of Europe, are well fed, comfortable, prosperous and secure. They better than any other nation can afford to await patiently the outcome of the conferences in Paris. If they fail to do so, if they embarrass the President by demands for precipitate action of one kind or another, they will be yielding to a petulant and irritable selfishness at a time when they have every reason for tolerance, forbearance and self-restraint.

Considering the intrinsic difficulties and the momentous consequences of the decisions which the Allied statesmen must reach in Paris, their sluggishness in getting under way is not surprising. They have the liveliest reasons for hurrying because they realize, as the New York World says, that "the delay in organizing the Peace Conference has played directly into the hands of the leaders of the Terror." But some of them realize also, as many of their American critics do not, that haste in reaching decisions would no less assuredly play into the hands of the Terrorists. What the world needs in order permanently to quiet the Terror is a new foundation for international public order. A hasty treaty of peace negotiated by the statesmen who are assembling in Paris would be a flimsy settlement which would not avail to restore stability to the political structure of the world. The best existing chance for a stabilizing treaty depends upon the gradual wearing down of the opposition of the Sonninos and the Clemenceaus under the increasing pressure of popular opinion, backed as that pressure will be by the increasing danger of social disorder. It will take time either to instruct these elder statesmen as to what the really important political facts now are, or if they refuse

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instruction, to supersede them.

The difference between the real and the apparent power of Prime Ministers, such as Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando, is not the least ironical fact of the world of to-day. These men are the political chiefs of the nations who have won the greatest war in human history. The first of them has just received a vote of confidence from the English people which places behind him an unprecedented parliamentary majority. The other two are for the time being equally well provided with parliamentary, if not popular, support. They are still obeyed by the victorious armies of their respective countries, which are capable of overcoming any possible military resistance to their joint policy. Apparently they are nearer to possessing a truly imperial authority than any group of political chiefs since the days of the Caesars. Yet these men hold their power subject to limitations which deprives their leadership of all its momentum, and which makes of them the victims rather than the masters of their task. They cannot count on the fidelity of their own indispensable instruments. They do not dare either to demobilize the armies which have won the war nor to demand of the soldiers any additional military operations of an exacting nature. Their supporting popular and parliamentary majorities are composed of the most diverse and conflicting materials and are held together by common fears rather than by common purposes. Any one of several imminent and inexorable issues may break up their majorities. The adoption of many specific decisions by these gentlemen in relation either to peace or to domestic reconstruction, and determined either by political idealism or political realism, will cost them a considerable part of their existing support. Under these conditions they cannot exercise their power for many months without incurring the probable penalty of its loss.

Problems confront them beyond the ability of their statecraft to assuage. The principle underlying their policies is as simple as it is insufficient. The assumption is that Government which can place preponderance of power at the service of their political programme can carry the programme into effect. The Allied statesmen of Europe conducted the diplomacy of the war on this assumption. If they could achieve a decisive victory, they considered themselves fully able to dictate an enduring peace. Military victory would prove to be all sufficient both to teach Germany the needed lesson and to enable her enemies to restore order and security to the world. The assumption now appears to be erroneous. The same people who formerly declared that if a decisive and humiliating defeat were inflicted on Germany the insuperable obstacle to a peace of righteousness would disappear, now insist upon the futility in this respect of Allied victory to accomplish the desirable political result. According to Clemenceau and his like, it is just as necessary to provide against future wars with Germany as if the war had ended inconclusively instead of with a decisive victory. It is just as objectionable to apply the Golden Rule to Germany in the moment of triumph as it would be in the absence of triumph. We agree with them as to the inability of force to accomplish positive and enduring political results. A triumphant army can be used by statesmen to dictate boundaries, indemnities and the like, but it cannot be used to dictate a stable peace unless the peace itself is composed of the stuff of political righteousness. An enduring settlement must be forged by negotiation, if not with the enemy, at least with one's allies, and by careful attention to the principles of underlying international association and to the stubborn facts of popular psychology. The peace is not being and will not be dictated by governments merely because governments have the power to dictate. The assumption that it is being or can be dictated in obedience to considerations of power is the most formidable obstacle to its negotiation in obedience to considerations of equal justice.

Americans who are hoping for a peace which will act as a future bulwark against power politics should, consequently, eschew impatience and allow the President, if necessary, to wear out the opposition. The dangers of delay, serious though they be, are not so formidable as the dangers of forcing a premature decision. Mr. Wilson has on his side one fact of overwhelming importance. He has engaged the attention, and can depend upon the support, of the mass of the people all over western Europe. They dimly understand, as so many Americans fail to understand, that he is fighting the battle of democratic liberalism against both Prussian power politics and the advocates of a revolutionary class struggle. The Marxian socialists insist with one voice that a capitalistic society cannot reform; that it acts in obedience to economic motives which force capitalism to subordinate humanity to the acquisition of property and the increase of power. The irreconcilable opponents of Marxian socialism with similar unanimity seek to vindicate the socialist dogma by proclaiming the noblest reasons for sacrificing humanity to the acquisition of property and the maintenance of their own power and by acting on these proclamations. That is what they are proposing to do now, but they are doing it uneasily because, as they are aware, public opinion is aroused and cannot be so easily deceived as usual. President Wilson has

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submitted them to a distressing exposure. They would like to dictate a peace which will consolidate their own class domination, but they do not quite dare. For if they should dictate such a peace their action would convert many liberals to socialism and add enormously to the volume of revolutionary socialist agitation. They are preparing, consequently, to yield somewhat, and they will yield still more provided the pressure can be applied as continuously, yet as discreetly, as the President has been applying it since he arrived in Europe. But the process takes time and the menace of a Red Terror constitutes no sufficient reason for bringing it suddenly and prematurely to a close. For if the Red Terror did not hover in the background as a genuine alternative, there would be small chance of a liberal and democratic settlement of the war.

National Scholarships

ON the day after the battle of Malvern Hill, in July, 1862, the American Congress passed "An act donating public land to the several states and territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts," and stipulating, in each state taking advantage of its provisions, "the endowment, support and maintenance of at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the states may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." Under this act, 30,000 acres of national land were to be turned over to the states, for the uses of higher education, for each Senator and Representative in Congress. In effect the government agreed to pay part of the tuition fees of male students in return for a voice in the curriculum. The land grants were really scholarship endowments, of which not the least important purpose was to meet the need for "officer material," as urgent in 1862 as in 1917. And, as a matter of fact, it was to the colleges where military training was maintained that the government turned, in 1917, to find its junior officers.

In the meantime the change in the nature of war had taken the emphasis from drilling and marching and put it upon knowledge and skill in the carrying out of technical processes. The most important men in the new army, and behind the lines, in or out of uniform, were not those who were most familiar with Hardee, but those who knew how to handle metals, chemicals, machinery, and all that apparatus of manufacture and transportation which began at the mines, five thousand miles from the battle, and ended at the cannon's mouth. A few months' drill gave us soldiers, but years were needed to make chemists, engineers and doctors. And although the government now hastened to induce young men to continue their studies for these occupations it had made no previous preparation to secure an adequate supply of trained men. The supply of doctors, chemists and engineers, like that of poets and garbage men, had been left to chance.

There was no elasticity in the supply, no organized plan for meeting the technical demands of the nation as a whole, no system for sifting out of the nation's schools the highest abilities for given kinds of work. The professions possessed gentility precisely in proportion to the amount of money and time (and therefore of money) required to qualify for them, and they consequently recruited in disproportionate numbers from a limited class of Americans. The result was that the technical work of the nation was somewhat in the nature of a monopoly, into which the ambitious from the poorer ranks of society often thrust their way, but in which the great majority were not able to compete. Our professional men were the sons of men who had already been successful in an unusual degree. It took two generations, at least, to make the ordinary professional man. And the ability which makes men useful in the professions cannot always wait for two generations. When the crisis of 1917 arrived the nation could not call upon its best brains to do its technical work. It had at its command only the brains selected by competition within a monopolistic circle. These men have done magnificently. It is no more a reflection upon their achievements to say that they did not represent the whole technical genius of the nation than it is to say that more cream can be skimmed off a gallon of milk than off a pint.

The tardy action taken by the government to increase its supply of trained men is perhaps indicative of the plan which will have to be adopted if this educational monopoly is to be broken up. The first thought, apparently, was to allow the young men who could afford to pay their way at college to continue to do so, provided that they followed courses which would make them serviceable to the community during, or after, the war. Obviously, this would have sent into the ranks (especially after the lowering of the draft age) many boys of equal, or greater, ability who were unable to maintain themselves at college. It was unfair and undemocratic, and a better plan was found in the organization of the Student Army Training Corps. This corps admitted all drafted men who were qualified to pursue college courses and who, there was rea-

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son to believe, would be of sufficiently greater value after pursuing such courses to make it worth while to maintain them in the meantime. In practice, the S. A. T. C. seems to have been composed almost wholly of boys between eighteen and twenty-one. It was expected that some would continue at college for a single quarter, some for two, and some for three or four. Qualified students were to be drawn off to officers' training camps, or allowed to continue indefinitely at special lines of technical work. Those who could not make the required progress were to be made non-commissioned officers or be sent into the ranks. Thus the son of the multi-millionaire had no opportunities (except those given him by previous training) that were not open to the son of the manual laborer.

The effect in some colleges was much deplored by the local custodians of the "college spirit." It seems to have been felt that some of the new students were not of the sort who ordinarily come to college, and that the distribution of their interest did not follow the lines which the colleges had charted. But this, it may be, is merely a further reminder that the colleges have been drawing too largely from a limited class and that they need new blood and new traditions.

It is not yet clear that the S. A. T. C. will leave its permanent impress upon higher education. It ought to do so. The military needs of the nation, we can be sure, will be met by some sufficient system. No possible future crisis will find us without an adequate supply of young men ready to become officers without prolonged training. But the strictly military needs are only a small part of the national needs, even in time of war. The demand for men qualified to engage in the necessary technical processes of industry, agriculture, commerce and transportation; for a sufficient number of such men, and for the representation of the whole of the national genius in their ranks, must be met. To depend wholly upon private enterprise or local wisdom to supply them is as out of date as to depend wholly upon private enterprise, or upon the separate states, to give us a national system of transportation. There must be an accurate estimate of the probable need; there must be a systematic preparation to meet it.

The system under which the S. A. T. C. has been trained has not given unalloyed satisfaction to the academic authorities. It has been felt that the student life has been unduly interfered with—unduly, that is, except as an emergency measure—and that local autonomy has not been respected. The War Department has been in command and the academic department has been a kind of hired man, sometimes treated with scant courtesy. But the defects of the S. A. T. C. need not be perpetuated. Whether we have universal military training or not, the student bodies of our colleges need not be controlled by the War Department. All that is needed is provision for selecting from the common schools, and training for national service, a sufficient number of young men. For this a system of national scholarships will serve. Let it be decided how many technically trained men will be needed for the civil establishment, just as it has been decided in the past how many were needed for the military establishment. Let a number of candidates bearing some understood proportion to this need be selected each year in free competition to enter the high schools from the grades and the colleges or technical schools from the high schools. Let the successful candidates attend the institutions of their choice, pursuing courses under federal supervision, and receiving tuition and maintenance from the national government, subject to the accomplishment of a minimum quantity and quality of academic work.

Such a scheme would undoubtedly give the federal government a powerful influence, though not a compelling one, upon all institutions where courses leading to professional careers are taught; but, considering the philosophic calm with which the supervision of a privately-endowed "foundation" has been endured, this would not be an intolerable tyranny. It might, instead, give our system of higher education just that combination of diversity of form and unity of purpose that has been so often dreamed of; it might give us a "national university" more truly worthy of the name than any mere collection of buildings and libraries. It might even be an approach toward equality of opportunity. Yet, however daring it might seem, it would be but an application to modern conditions of the half-forgotten principles of the Morrill act of 1862.

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Can Christianity Tolerate the Church?

WERE the question "Can democracy tolerate the Church?" some thoughtful Americans would promptly reply, No. Democracy has use for religion in its business. It cannot permit so vital a social function to be monopolized and arbitrarily controlled by private interests. Religion, like every other universal human concern, must be brought under community control, if democracy is fully to vindicate itself. A church bearing a sect name and exploiting society in the interests of a sect idea cannot be tolerated by a thoroughgoing democracy. Religion is too vital a social function for its institutions to be monopolized by private corporations.

The great majority are still reconciled to laissez faire in religion. Democracy can *tolerate* almost anything. Even such institutions as the present hodge-podge of religious organization are not beyond its complacency. Democratic society suffers a great deal which it does not approve. Even majorities do not arbitrarily order affairs according to their will. Until majorities attain a unity of purpose and select a clearly defined objective, they let minorities have their way. The community as a whole has been too busily occupied with matters which it must handle to mix in with the scramble of religious sects which it feels that it can let alone. The American doctrine of the separation of church and state is still commonly interpreted by the sects themselves, by the politicians and by the general public as involving a complete let-alone of the religious bodies by agencies under public control. Our democracy so far takes the religious situation philosophically. Nobody except securely installed hierarchs likes the way things are going, but the only course open to the public seems to be to keep hands off. The public indeed gets much satisfaction out of its indifference, taking pride in its "toleration."

But our question is not of the diligence or indifference of democracy in the face of our religious confusion. It is rather that of the integrity and sincerity of the Christian system. Can Christianity save its soul while sponsored by the institutions which assume to mediate it among the American people? The churches are not democratic; are they Christian? Can genuine Christianity survive their manipulation? Is the Christian tradition safe in their keeping? Will the American people ever know and feel what Christianity really is under the churches' tutelage?

It is hard to define Christianity. This quality it shares with every great and vital truth. It is impossible to express in fixed formulas any living and universal reality. But whatever Christianity is, it is not an institution, a culture. It is a spirit, an inspiration. Conformably to its nature, therefore, it must resist confinement in an official institution. Least of all can it tolerate the monopoly of self-appointed hierarchies, close corporations which can consistently resist democratic control.

Christian history is one continuous breaking away from the institutions which have assumed to confine Christian truth and the Christian spirit. The greatest foe in more than one clearly defined crisis with which true Christianity has had to contend has been the Christian church. The larger question is whether this has not been always true, whether the attempt to ecclesiasticize Christianity has not always been a blunder, when it has not broken out into flagrant crime. It is common enough to hear the church castigated for its shortcomings. Reproaches and charges of malfeasance are the pabulum of the press and the forum, and furnish the common talk of the street and the railway carriage. May not the much-belabored church deserve the summary defense of sweeping the whole mass of charges out of court? The churches have been expected to perform the impossible. They have not succeeded because to succeed is ingloriously to fail. In the nature of the case an ecclesiastical organization cannot serve the purpose for which Christianity is in the world. Being a spirit and not an institution, the attempt to institutionalize Christianity sacrifices its genius.

No one denies the sacrilege which the church has at certain seasons committed upon essential Christianity. John Gerson was quite as eloquent and caustic as John Hus in denouncing the abuses of the papacy and the Roman hierarchy during the early portion of the fifteenth century, though the former was an aggressive instigator of the assault which committed the latter to the flames. The orthodox opponents of Martin Luther rarely denied the truth of the moral obliquities which he charged against the ecclesiastical order of his day. And in his turn Luther lived long enough to lament the excesses and the sacrifice of essential Christianity on the part of the new ecclesiastical order which his reforms instituted. Every reformed church itself needs to be reformed, and the new process usually begins before the original reformers die.

This phenomenon nullifies the contention that Christianity can survive only as it is embodied in a distinctive institution assuming to act as its official custodian. What has kept essential Christianity

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its busiest from the first till now is its effort to break away from this custody. It would seem far more reasonable to ask, "Can Christianity survive with the church?" than to ask "Can Christianity survive without the church?"

In this connection it is important to determine what is meant by a church. Everybody knows offhand, but few realize the essential genius of the institution. Being a spirit, Christianity can express itself through any social institution not inimical to its genius. There are Christian grocery stores, doubtless, in spite of the presumptions to the contrary which war prices have created. There can be such a thing as a Christian state. There are Christian industrial corporations. There are Christian individual men and women. These are true to the term in the degree to which they embody the Christian spirit and purpose. But is not a Christian church an anomaly, a contradiction in terms, an impossibility? Of course the great majority of us do not think so now. But should not this fact be discovered and the necessary radical changes be made in the present religious programme? Should not those who hold in the highest esteem the Christian truth, and who hope for the spread of the Christian spirit through all our society, justify their faith by helping to release Christianity from its present demoralizing confinement?

Christian officialdom tends to stifle the Christian spirit. It does it in individual men and women. It would do it in grocery stores, if it were applied. The customers of a food market over which were plastered labels protesting its strict and unimpeachable Christian character would rather expect to find sand in the sugar and rain water in the vinegar. The way to make a state Christian is not to "establish" a Christian church nor otherwise to officialize a cult. That institution is Christian which expresses the Christian spirit and whose programme realizes the Christian purpose. No other is Christian indeed, however spangled with Christian labels it may be. The very officiousness of its professions therefore compromises the Christian church. This out-thrust of officialdom has prepared a sophisticated American public for just what is discovered in the conventional church, much asseveration of Christian claims and little practice of the wholesome and whole-hearted brotherhood which is the soul of both democracy and the Christian tradition. Even where the ritual prescribes universal "welcome" and unimpeachable ushers fulfill the ritual without a flaw, only those who qualify in approved social sets are likely to be unreservedly included, and others are "welcomed" only to be patronized.

If American society perfect its democracy, its religious institutions must come under community control. This implies that all sect labels must come off and sectarian control must be abolished. This is essential from the point of view of democracy. Is it not quite as essential from the point of view of Christianity? Enlightened Christian forces should join with democracy to transform the present order and abolish the sectarian system.

Sectarianism would not be abolished with the merging of all Christian sects into one. That might only aggravate its evils. A strong sect can do more mischief than a weak one. What democracy needs to complete its programme, and what Christianity needs for its emancipation, is the abolition of the whole sect programme and the eradication of the sectarian principle and spirit. Hierarchies which are pleased to call themselves Christian have no more rights in the common religious institutions of democratic society than have other groups pleased to assume other labels. Christianity does not gain, but it inevitably loses by claims of monopoly in its favor. The time must come when those who advance such claims will be identified as the foes and not the friends of true Christianity. Christianity can be itself only as it wins acceptance on its spiritual merits. As soon as presumptuous friends attempt to install it in social institutions monopolized in its interest it loses spiritual merit.

From all quarters rises the lament of the unfaithfulness of the Christian Church to its trust. And the remedies are almost as various and numerous as the complainants. If all should come to realize that an official Christian Church by its very nature must be un-Christian, it would vastly accelerate the religious reconstruction which is in any case inevitable. No one who believes in essential Christianity should resist the process of bringing our religious institutions under community control. The hands of professed Christians should reach farthest and move quickest in stripping off sect labels. Nothing else could so effectually vindicate essential Christianity, and no other programme would furnish so free an opportunity for Christianity to accomplish its wholesome mission in human life.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Sunday Afternoon

The wind pushes huge bundles
Of itself in warm motion
Through the barrack windows;
It rattles a sheet of flypaper
Tacked in a smear of sunshine on the sill.
A voice and other voices squirt
A slow path among the room's tumbled sounds.
A ukelele somewhere clanks
In accidental jets.
Up from the room's background

BAKER BROWNELL.

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Maxim Gorky

GORKY hurled himself into Russian life like a lusty playboy's laughter into the midst of a dull and mournful company. He thrust an abundance of self-conscious vitality into a crowd subdued by chlorosis. He brandished a whip of scorn over the heads of well meaning but intimidated philistines who did not know they were cowards. "You curdy-blooded lot," he shouted, gayly voiced, into the sultry atmosphere of Russian boredom. And Russia looked up, amazed, disquieted and delighted. "Something has happened," they said to each other, those bookish members of the intelligentzia freemasonry, who knew nothing but sentimental pity for the "poor people" down below, "something new must be coming."

Yes, something new, and of momentous importance, was approaching. At the bottom of an autocracy-bound society high explosives had accumulated. The ground was vibrating with latent energy. Waves of crude yet irresistible strength were saturating those huge blocks of the plain people who, to the intelligentzia, had presented the eternal riddle of Russia. And while the cultural elements, good, freedom-loving men and women, still continued in the old way to think of themselves as the nation's most advanced outposts on the road of progress, while few dared to hope and fewer to believe that some day the masses of the common people would straighten their bent backs and raise their arms to snatch the sun—those people were rapidly going through molecular social transformations wrought with revolution.

In the field of literature the open outburst of this new energy was Maxim Gorky. He came at the head of a motley crowd of hungry but invincibly bold individuals who took particular delight in shouting into the colorless Russian intellectual landscape: "Here we are, and we shall leave no stone in your edifice unturned."

It was not altogether true—what Gorky told in his early stories and plays. His characters were too clever, too enlightened, too self-conscious, and they expressed themselves in such excellent maxims that the friendly aid of the author was justly suspected. "She is a cripple," says the armless singer, the former workingman, referring to the girl in the saloon, "she has no soul. The machine pulled out my arms and life pulled out her soul." "All those people of yours are ridiculous," Makar Chudra, the old vagabond, declares with a magnificent gesture. "Multitudes of them crowded together, elbowing each other while there is so much room on earth. . . . Is a man really born for nothing else but to pick the ground and to die not even having picked a grave for himself? Does he know what freedom is? Does he understand the vastness of the steppe? Does the murmur of the wave gladden his heart? No! he is a slave, in slavery born, and a slave he remains all his life." "How is it possible not to believe a man?" Konovalov, the baker and vagrant, remarks after hearing an obviously untrue story. "Even if you see he is lying, believe him, that is to say, listen and try to understand why he is lying. A lie sometimes explains a man much better than the truth. . . . And in general, what truth can we tell about ourselves? The meanest one. Whereas a lie is always pleasant."

They are keen observers, alert listeners to the voices of life, and fond of general conclusions—all those tramps, contrabandists, ex-workingmen, prostitutes, thieves and other inhabitants of the "bottom" whom Gorky introduces into good society in his first stories. It is quite unbelievable that they were so. At any rate, Gorky made them all talk of life and humanity and personality and moral problems and class-differences, as people never do, even in Russia. Yet the obviousness of it somehow did not matter. It was the tone that thrilled. It was the greed for life manifested by those individuals that caught the breath of placid intelligentzia. The main thing was that Gorky's personages could not be pitied. They were poor, indeed, they were outcasts, yet they possessed a staggering store of compressed energy, a rebellious daring, and they behaved like masters of life, not like her subordinates. Gay colors were always playing about them, and the shrewd gaze of their eyes was too penetrative for the comfort of society.

It did not even matter that they were out and out individualists, egocentrists, and in so far opposed to collective action and social progress. The very fact that they dared to be themselves, imposed on the intelligentzia immensely. Here were people that lived! They had a voracious appetite for the best things on earth. They excelled in even the most primitive experiences. They seemed to have no conscience, contrary to the "learned" people who had been conscience-stricken for generations, and still they had firm laws of their own. And what glorious words they were saying! "We sing a song to the madness of the brave! . . . The madness of the brave is the wisdom of life. . . . He who was born to crawl cannot fly!" The sea gull, the messenger of storm, "mocks at the lightning and sobs in ecstacy" in the whirl of the battle. And Kuvalda, the outcast, declares: "I would love the earth to catch fire and perish in a blaze." . . .

Thus Gorky of the first years was the herald of a coming era. Hence the almost miraculous spread of his popularity in Russia. Looked at from the

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present historical attitude, his writings appear to be hardly superior to the works of his contemporaries. Chekhov was more subtle and more intertwined with the realities of life. Korolenko was more social and more humane. Veresayev had a finer ear for the throbbing of intellectual passions. Yet they all seemed men of the past. Gorky alone was the man of the future. "I love to listen when instruments in an orchestra are being tuned," Nil the machinist declares in Philistines. All Russia was then tuning her instruments for the symphony of the revolution, and Gorky was the man that foretold the leading motive.

Gorky became a leading spirit of Russia because he was ahead of his time. This was his great advantage, but it also became the tragedy of his literary career. He could not be a herald forever. When history at last started her impetuous movement in the lands of the Tsars, she was more colorful and many-voiced than one poor human imagination could have foreseen. In 1905 Gorky was already antiquated. His "Bossiaks" (tramps, outcasts; literally "the bare-footed") had become members of the Black Hundred. His talent was unabated. His palette was richer than before. His artistic temperament was in full glow. As ever, he could sing the song of the things that are not yet may be. It was the resonance that had changed.

A strange race began between Gorky and life. For the sake of his position in literature he had to keep abreast with events, if not to outrun them. Yet this would have been a hopeless task even for a genius of the highest order. Life was too swift. Gorky responds to the revolution of 1904-5 in Mother, the paper of the industrial workingman rising to assert his personality in the crucible of revolutionary class struggle. The philosophico-theological movement of the first post-revolutionary years is echoed in Confessions, where a son of the masses, groping for a religious foothold, finally makes "the people" his holy banner. The wholesale executions of revolutionists immediately after the great upheaval causes Gorky to write The Last, where the psychology of an administrator sending a revolutionist to the scaffold is depicted. The plague of espionage is presented in The Life of an Unnecessary Man. The agrarian movement, with the undying hopes of the peasantry for bright future lives, in Summer—that sunlit sanguine story which culminates in "Holiday greetings, thou great Russian nation! Greetings for the near resurrection, my beloved one!"

In all these works Gorky is vivid. He uses bold strokes. He throws magnificent figures into sharp relief. His spirit is alive in a supreme effort to embrace all, to open new vistas in every direction, to say the real, the final thing unrevealed to the rest. Yet people respond no more. A new story by Gorky is a mere story and not a challenge. Gorky is only one of many, in spite of his international reputation attained in the meantime. Perhaps it is due to the fact that the artist became too much aware of himself. The main reason, however, lay in changed social conditions. Gorky's creative fervor and his hungry scrutiny of life never ceased. It was the crowd that ceased to hear in his works the signal of new revelations.

A harrowing experience for an artist!

At last he gave up the race. He stopped. He looked round. Perhaps he was tired after the superhuman task. He resolved to live a while in artistic isolation. In this third period of his activities he seems to have reconciled himself to being only a writer. He relaxes. He writes his Italian Tales, a mere plaything in the hands of the master, just a few little pastels from the life of labor in and around sun-flooded Capri where he lived for many years. These caressing, luscious descriptions saturated with the rhythm of music could suffice to create a reputation for a new poet. Yet Gorky is essentially a Russian. He must go back home, if not bodily (this he was denied by Russian autocracy from 1905 to 1914) at least in his writings. He does so by turning his creative memory to the days of his childhood and youth. His Childhood, Matvey Koshemyakin and The Town Okourov are the most remarkable productions of this period. They throw into literature gross, unshapely clods of old Russian life, uncanny in its brutality, fiendish in its savage instincts, yet full of indomitable strength and fiercely longing for spiritual regeneration. Because they lack purpose, and because their author seems to have been concerned more with what he had to say than with what effect it would produce in the first ranks of progressive Russia, these works are of a higher artistic order than the writings of the "race" period. They are all astir with humane understanding; their characters have the freshness of creations just moulded from the original chaos; their language is a masterful coalescence of steel, silver and sunbeams, and the tone is that of a man who, from the summit of life, endeavors to trace the path that leads from today to the shadowy caverns of yesterday.

Thus Gorky, mourned by the crowd as a man of vanishing talent, found new strength in touching the native ground.

Throughout his works, from the first to the very last, one motive is ever recurring, one problem is always pressing to the foreground. It is the story of a mute soul that strives to become articulate; it is the struggle of innately sound human material thrown into primitive environments and groping its way upward to the light. This fundamental subject

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of Gorky's interest, a direct consequence of his own ascension from the "bottom," is of a higher and more lasting value than his more sensational stories, and this is his actual contribution to Russia's spiritual growth. Young Foma in Foma Gordyevev, Ilya in Three of Them, Pelagia in the Mother, Vavilo in The Town Okourov, Matvey in Matvey Koshemyakin, the author himself in Childhood, all are afflicted with some strange disease of the soul, a spiritual unrest, a longing full of forebodings; all are carried on a hot wave of primitive strength that is pounding against the walls of their very brains. Perhaps it was this main topic of Gorky's observations that determined the method of his work. Gorky never goes straight into the soul of a man as did Tolstoy or Chekhov. That would have been impossible with persons whose souls are just emerging from the depths of the unconscious and have no words. What Gorky gives is circumstantial evidence. He piles a mass of external scenes characterizing the uncouth environments; he puts his main figure in various relations to other figures intended to serve as shadings in a drawing; he lets his persons act instead of talking, thus giving the reader only hints and clues to what processes are taking place in their souls. Gorky's novels, therefore, lack construction. They are not compositions; they are strings of events and descriptions following each other in chaotic succession. They have a beginning, the primal chaos, yet apparently they can have no end.

It is evident that Gorky must be one-sided. He is interested in one thing only at a time. When it is a "Bossiak" it is his wild defiance of the world and nothing else. When it is the old-time life, it is its crudeness and filth, and nothing else. When it is the history of a soul's awakening, it is only one line of its progress and nothing else. Gorky's gaze is not like daylight which rests on hills and seas and deserts at the same time; it is like a strong searchlight concentrated each time on one chosen spot. The contours of this spot stand out too sharply, almost unreally, when the light is poured on them. Herein is the secret of Gorky's strength.

He is now apparently absorbed in journalism, and this is natural in times of revolution. Yet journalism is not his realm. Neither is he a man of political action, whatever may be his party affiliations. He is, first of all and above all, the artist. And as an artist he has not yet spoken his last word.

Perhaps he is more than any other living writer suited to describe Russia in the throes of new times. For is not the mute soul of the entire Russian nation striving to become articulate?

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

The Case of Government Housing

TOWARDS the end of last July, the United States Housing Corporation of the Department of Labor was given authority to use the money Congress had appropriated for "housing for war needs." The amount, together with a subsequent appropriation, was one hundred million dollars. The work to be done was the housing of the employees of plants making munitions of war; also of navy yards and arsenals. The Shipping Board had charge of housing for shipyard workers.

The Corporation was ready, very ready. How ready, may be judged from the fact that when the armistice was signed, that is, about three and a half months later, it had under way over ninety industrial housing projects, of which sixty were under contract and twenty-five ready to place under contract. They ranged in size from a hundred houses or so, up to around two thousand. There was one being started that proposed an ultimate development of ten to twelve thousand houses. Provision was being made for the building of dwellings for some two hundred thousand people. It was known for a certainty that the appropriation would not nearly meet the already proved needs, that two hundred million more at least was required, and the demands for relief coming in steadily.

For the fulfilment of its task there was assembled a staff comprising experts in the many specialties which reflection showed would be involved in the solution of the housing problem. They were from the fields of building construction in its various branches; mechanical equipment; architecture; town planning; engineering of various kinds; real estate; transportation; statistics; industrial relations; living conditions; schools; hospitals; building codes; the operation of housing properties, which was going to mean "town management"; quantity and cost surveying and estimating; accounting; and the law. Such a collaborative team, working in unison towards the success of a building operation, is something entirely new in the history of this country. Yet for that operation they were all needed; a fact that, without enlarging upon it, is eloquent of the interest, the complexity and the importance of industrial housing. The earlier days of preparation were devoted to an exhaustive study of the subject. This country had but little experience; in the prac-

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tical working, the social and economic implications of such communities as were to be created, we were far behind Great Britain and Germany. Therefore, all available information was gathered from every source, compared, collated, digested; costs and typical plans worked out; standards of many kinds elaborated; rules formulated for the guidance of those who would be called upon to design and to construct.

Design was entrusted to committees, each composed of architect, engineer and town planner, carefully chosen from private practice. Every Committee of Design received full instructions and information, including these two points always: that they were to collaborate closely as a team, and that their clients were the workmen and their wives who would occupy the houses and must be specifically consulted. Close, constant touch was maintained with the progress of their work in all its stages. Any further description of the functioning of this unique organization is forbidden by limit of space here.

Let us now jump to the finished result by going to see a village. We shall assume it to be a typical one, on the outskirts of a town of the usual kind we all know so well. But on the way, as you pass through the town, what you see there and what you recall of others, will perhaps induce some reflections, revive some old queries.

When your journeyings took you among the places where working people live, you saw dwellings to which you had become accustomed, and assumed, very likely, to be more or less inevitable. They might be revolting, or merely dreary, or decent but depressing, or occasionally rather nice. The rather nice ones, if you are aesthetically sensitive and curious, struck you as banal, unimaginative, since it was clear they cost a good bit of money. If you continued to be curious, although you might give up the distressing tenements in despair, as the concomitant of urban congestion and prices; the dismal squalor of streets and houses in factory neighborhoods as the insoluble mystery of industrial poverty, yet you may have wondered why, in suburbs where there seems to be plenty of room, every accession of living quarters appears but the repetition of the unhappily familiar story of the cheap house. Are the interminable rows of identical façades, fronting interminable gridirons of identical, respectable dull streets the only way to thrust growing cities into the fields and woods? Can't they be somehow enlivened and humanized? Why the ugly spotting of inadequate looking houses with untidy yards about them that straggle along forbidding new streets, laid out with no reference to the slopes, the rises and falls of the land they traverse? Must that be the normal growth of suburbs? Must everything of natural interest, variety, picturesqueness, die to give places for men to live in? The answer is waiting for you in the new village you are going to see.

Past the last dejected rows with their back-yards a jumble of shiftless litter; past the long walls of the huge factory; some ramshackle houses along a bumpy street with trolley tracks; then a road swings away sharply towards the country. There are trees and fields; at a bend in the road you see ahead some rising ground, with trees; among them a lot of buildings. The trees are bare, for it is almost winter; the road is rough, for it is not yet finished; a trolley track is being laid, to connect the village with the factory, though it is not so very long a walk—perhaps half a mile or so. The buildings on the hillside are a soft warm red, their roofs quiet tones of greenish gray. If you put your impressions into words they would be such as pleasant, inviting, picturesque, tranquil. Then you enter the village. You enter by an agreeable swing of the road and you see that the street it becomes stretches before you in one great curve. As you pass along you find that the intersecting streets are sometimes curved, sometimes straight. At all the corners are houses set at angles that soften them, enlarge the crossings, make them interesting. These are red brick houses, with slate roofs and very ample porches. There are just the same elements that composed all the deadly monotony that has so often depressed you; not a bit more, no ornament. But how utterly different! For these houses are grouped; single, double, triple rows of various number up to perhaps seven or eight. They compose; their roof lines make pictures. The curves relieve the straight; the straight steadies the curved. Everywhere is contrast and variety, but the strange thing is that it is all so quiet, so home-like, so restful; because the interest comes from skilful combinations and placing, not from restless use of many devices. At every few steps vistas disclose themselves; odd, intriguing glimpses; they make you want to explore. The ground is raw, the streets unfinished, the planting still to be done, for winter is here. Some of the houses are incomplete, some hardly begun. But you see how carefully trees have been saved in the planning; how strikingly some place of rock and trees has been ingeniously preserved. You see where parks will be later; greens and open spaces, a community centre with shops, a recreation building, a school. And when you come away you have projected your vision forward to the day of lawns and shrubs and vines, of mellowed completion, and you want to see it again. For it has all been touched by the magic hand of the artist.

No, Mr. Practical Business Man, that is not

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accusation; it is commendation. This is not a toy village, not scene-painting. It is just as severely matter of fact as the machines in your factory. There is no costly detail, no ornament, because there was no money to pay for it. The grouping is a judicious balance between the tenants' expressed desire for individuality and the economy of saving finish of outside walls, plus the lower cost of repairs, heating and other upkeep. The charming curves of the streets are a combination of skill in making good communication, taking advantage of natural contours to avoid costly cut and fill; a layout of lots that will give the maximum of housing compatible with sufficient light and air; a general disposition that reckons carefully the cost of utilities that must be charged pro rata against each housing unit. But dependence has been placed upon technical knowledge and ability, not upon uninspired rule of thumb dressed up with tawdry accessories.

Even so it is not perfect. The circumstances of production; sky-rocketing prices of materials and labor; difficulty of procuring good workmanship; war restriction upon building materials and their scarcity; unimaginable pressure upon all engaged in producing—these made ultimate solution impossible. It very likely cost too much; how much so cannot be told until all the bills are paid, until we know what really was the excess cost due to war, what average wages will be. But the point is that the way to a complete solution has been shown; that it would end by showing the needlessness of leaving everything to the speculative builder and the loan-shark, whose methods explain the wretchednesses we so deplore. The way is shown, but will it be followed? That is a crucial question. For the job is not complete; no matter how good, it is but a physical accomplishment. The housing is there—or soon will be—but how about running it? On what plan will these great properties be owned? What sort of government will these communities have? Shall they be, where their independence of all but state and county laws permits, new advances in self-government, new experiments in democracy, or victims of everything municipally bad from which we would escape? Shall they, when important new additions to existing political entities, be given the chance to leaven the old lump? These are great questions, far-reaching, vital questions, which within the present limits can be no more than sketchily indicated. Under the governmental control now existing, competent town managers may be trusted to conduct the enterprises well until permanent dispositions are arrived at. Continuance of the control will allow those of qualified disinterested skill and sagacity to determine the dispositions.

But that will not be done if the destroyers have their way. They have gathered for the feast.

Upon the signing of the armistice, the Housing Corporation cancelled entirely fifty-six of its projects and curtailed fifteen. The curtailments are serious. Twenty-two were left to go ahead with as planned; with those curtailed thirty-seven in all. That would seem a fully sufficient diminution on cessation of hostilities. But no. There was immediately launched an attack in the Senate, bitter, vindictive, upon the whole proceeding. And on December 12th the Senate passed a resolution demanding that all work on projects not seventy-five per cent completed should cease. The effect of such a stoppage would be to leave enormous numbers of buildings in such a state that rapid depreciation would promptly begin. They could not be left in that state. The next step would be to sell everything at once. That is undoubtedly the object. It needs no wizard to interpret the resolutions offered at the Chamber of Commerce Convention at Atlantic City, which sought to have the Convention declare in favor of the government abandoning its housing project. You can hear the predatory tread of the real-estate speculator without putting your ear to the ground. You can see the greedy hands clutching at this rich easy harvest, without second sight. It remains for the House to act. The fate of an experiment fraught with deepest significance to every small homeseeker; of a venture that might well be a great one in democracy, hangs in the balance. Shall it be thus killed, and the vultures allowed to gorge upon the carcass? Or can it be saved?

C. GRANT LA FARGE.

Rostand

ROSTAND'S plays are artificial and conventional. The stale air of the theatre pervades them. They are full of theatrical counterfeit and romantic fustian. They are written in verse that at best is pretty and clever and in the main undistinguished and unmusical. Nevertheless, they had a reception extraordinary in the history of the stage. Their success was not simply a popular one. It was a literary success complete and world-wide. To many folk it seemed as though through Rostand poetic drama had re-arisen; that through him a beautiful theatre was to flourish once again. In electing him to membership and "immortality" the French Academy was only giving official sanction to the belief, held by cultivated people not in France alone but the world over, that Edmond Rostand was a poet of originality and importance, and that Cyrano de Bergerac was a dramatic masterwork.

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It was not want of taste alone that caused this amazing reception. Rostand was fortunate in the moment in which he appeared. Had it not been for the condition of the French stage at the time of their production his dramas would never have imposed themselves so completely. But in the latter nineties the realistic theatre—at least the realistic theatre as the Boulevards understood it—had become insupportable in its dullness. Originally the realistic departure had been a movement toward restoring to the stage its poetic and revelatory function. The "realism," the utilization of elements abstracted from contemporary society, was only part of a general aversion from the unreality and conventionality of the romantic stage toward a form that should express indeed the modern man. But in France the movement was not directed by poets. It did not produce men of the mastery and intelligence of Ibsen and Hauptmann. It never had full development. It merely brought forward a comparatively serious race of playwrights, men to an extent aware of the forces of the world, but not emancipated sufficiently to give them plastic expression. And so, instead of reforming the theatre it only succeeded in effecting a prosy compromise and creating the play of the social intention, the "problem play." The theatre now approximated the lecture hall. One visited it to hear the statement of a doctrine, or to assist at the discussion of a thing pretentiously dubbed "problem." People wrote plays to answer the questions "Should one get divorced?" or "Should one forgive one's wife?" or "What should a physician who infects a patient with a fatal malady do?" And the questions of conscience became more and more tedious and academical, and the theses more and more chilling, and the physicians and maladies more and more incredible. Then Rostand appeared with his Cyrano. And with hearts overflowing with gratitude and with cries of joy the whole of France went to see his play.

For Rostand had brought relief. He had rid the public of the prosy social study and given it instead a theatre-piece. Gone were the mouthing husbands, the enigmatical wives, the abominable diseases and doctors. Here, in place of the eternal "problem" was a frank and novel adventure; in place of the psychological grubbings movement a-plenty. And for a generation starved long enough by the charmlessness of the theatre, Rostand's play was most satisfying. Not only were the brilliant and romantic setting, the brave and strange costumes, decorative and exciting, but the speech as well was happier. The muddy and oratorical language of Dumas fils, de Curel, Hervieu and the rest had been replaced by a gay and agreeable flow of verse. Indeed, so strong was the purely animal allure of Rostand's theatre, the bright and rapid business, the alternate lulling and pricking of his verse, that it is small wonder it was overvalued, and that what indeed was a regression was momentarily mistaken for a reform.

For if Rostand did bring relief, it was not by attaining the goal of the social dramatists and bringing poetry to the theatre again. It was rather by permitting the entire reform movement to slip and suffering the public to snap back into the mental position from which the realists had partly weaned it. As far as the public went, the social drama had never been more than a good habit half-heartedly adopted. And Rostand let it indulge in the old bad habit again. He gave it the old theatrical counterfeit which it still craved. He gave it the play built up out of the falsehood imposed upon the stage by the vanity of generations of actors and the infantilism of generations of audiences. He brought into the playhouse again, in all its stupendous unreality, the romantic melodrama. No doubt he brought it forward well convinced that he had created the "new romance," the "new poetic drama." But Rostand was a man quite innocent of actuality. Indeed his work shows him extraordinarily unimpressed by the world, unable to distinguish as affected and pretentious and false what was routine in the life of the theatre. He seems to have gone to the ostentation and unintelligence of the stage as to his reality, to have possessed no standard by which to judge it. He thought that in Les Romanesques he had reflected Romeo and Juliet, and wilfully associated with Shakespeare's poetry a play that for all its "vers legers," its "robes claires," is merely the sermon of an elderly uncle. He wrote a Princesse Lointaine and calmly introduced into the very citadel of romance a Sardou heroine fresh from the dressing room and placed in the mouth of chatelaine and troubadours a flood of rhetoric and rant in lieu of poetry. Chantecler, that might have been like one of those animal fables so full of mother-wit found in the lore of every folk, is precious and virtuosic. And Cyrano himself, poor marionette, is the very strut and pose and gesture of the romantic melodrama assembled in one figure; Cyrano, who is decked out as the hero of the new poetic drama, and who gets up and declaims before falling dead, like a tenor in an Italian opera! And certainly the pith and core of Rostand's work, the verse, reveals an intelligence forever moving about his subject and glancing off from it, never for a moment entering into the matter and making it plastic. Instead of a single idea, he pours forth a hundred conceits; instead of a single trenchant image he gives precious and superficial associations. His verse never comes to have the directness and significance of veritable speech.

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Like his whole work, his whole consciousness, it is an evasion.

And when Chantecler was produced some eight years ago it found a world grown indifferent, hostile even, to Rostand. It was not that the play represented a failure of craft. On the contrary, Chantecler is perhaps the most honest of all Rostand's plays. A certain emotion, however thin, does inform it. But the moment of Cyrano was gone. The play was judged with sobriety, perhaps even with a certain malice, the revenge of men who have permitted themselves to be deceived. And so it fell flatter even than it deserved. No doubt there are still plenty of people who cherish the old misconception and find not only Cyrano but the Duc de Reichstadt and the all too vociferous cock heroic and deeply moving types. But, in general, the verdict on Chantecler was the verdict on Rostand. It was the slightly belated valuation of a work that was but one of the many false dawns, and that, after all, was even more void of the art of the theatre than the drama it had for a minute seemed to cast into desuetude.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

The Mile Walk

THERE was formerly in intercollegiate track athletics an event called the Mile Walk. For this performance special judges were required. The contestant must touch his heel to the ground at every step; both feet might never be off the ground at the same time; the knees must lock in every stride. The gait resembled nothing human; the rapid walker, having perfected himself in various necessary legal fictions, rolled on to victory like a tank over shell-holes. Remarkable speed was attained, considering; a young gentleman from an eastern temple of culture once covered a mile, if I remember rightly, in something under seven minutes, which is at the rate of nearly nine miles per hour. But in a moment of sanity the persons in charge of intercollegiate athletics abolished the mile walk. They reasoned that in every other event the contestant was expected to go as fast, or to jump as high, or to throw some sort of weight as far as he possibly could. In the mile walk alone he was cabined, cribbed, confined; he might not exert his powers to their advantage; he must be a spectacle, not a real competitor.

Why have they not abolished intercollegiate athletics on the same basis? The logic holds.

The object of intercollegiate athletics is victory. Nobody connected with it denies this; even Dean Briggs, that Ruskin of the track and field seeking to combine end with ornament, that ineffectual angel beating his wings in the far-from-luminous void in vain, does not deny it. Coaches are hired to this end and fired when they fail to achieve it. (I know one exception.) Only in the undergraduate theme and the college president's speeches at alumni banquets, the two most admirable examples of the successful effort to evade facts, do we find any other contention. Our institutions of higher and lower learning wish their "teams" to win. Except in football they wish them to win "fairly," that is to say, by observing the rules of the game. In football a little leeway is understood to be permissible even here. But within the limits of "fairness," win they must, to be respectable.

And yet what strange handicaps are imposed upon the gladiators! They may not compete in their first college year; they may not eat together; they must attend classes; they may not openly receive financial compensation for their sacrifice of time and ease; they may not even profit elsewhere by the utilization of the knowledge and skill they have acquired in their specialty at college, where they go to acquire skill and knowledge. And the result, of course, is a curiously halting performance. As in the mile walk, the adaptive faculty of man marvellously overcomes these imposed handicaps, but college athletics nevertheless remains essentially a spectacle, never becomes a steady and unhampered progress toward its goal.

It will be said the matter is one of no importance. Such a reply is born of a profound ignorance. For our system of intercollegiate athletics strikes at the efficiency, the humor and the honesty of all our undergraduate bodies; and when those three are weakened, how can the college man flower into real splendor?

It strikes at his efficiency because it quarrels with the practical. Anybody can see that to the alumni of our colleges athletics is of first importance. By our athletics we get our advertisement, our place in the sun. To our athletes go the principal honors; it is our athletes who find it easiest to get jobs. Our coaches draw much higher salaries than any of what it would be arrogant to call their compeers; nor is that rectitude of thought and speech and act required of them that is demanded of our "faculties" in general. A coach may safely, indeed successfully, differ in opinion with a trustee, and yet retain his position. There is no Association of American University Coaches; there is no need of one. And yet our athletics, our athletes, even our coaches, are continually interfered with by these singular regulations. The spectre of "ineligibility" haunts their dreams; and if the ghost is usually laid at day, it gives them often nevertheless a restless night, and saps their energy. Why should a coach be bothered by the necessity of learning the principles of exorcism? The undergraduate sees

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this and is often baffled by it. As well, he thinks, insist that General Pershing be allowed to use only brunettes in the artillery. His common sense tells him that, given the necessity of victory, such restrictions are absurd.

The system destroys, or tends to destroy, his humor. He is taught that certain things are serious, requiring effort of thought; over others he may unbend—over a book, for instance, like Sarah Battle. Yet here is the profoundest educational principle forced. A definite object is set, the way to its attainment marked, and then these annoying, not always even trifling, pitfalls are scattered on the route. An earnest player, who has devoted weeks of incessant effort to the perfection of a punt or the technique of a tackle, is suddenly withdrawn from exhibition of his prowess because he has failed to satisfy some infinitesimal insistence on the appreciation of a cosine. There is something rotten, he perceives, in Denmark; his light-hearted love of life gets a black eye.

The system utterly destroys his honesty. Law, he comes to believe, is only something to be evaded. A man may not receive pecuniary compensation for athletic skill in colleges; but he may get jobs and scholarships. A player must sign an affidavit that he has never received emolument for his athletic exercise; but it is understood that no questions will be asked after his signing; that impugning information will be reluctantly received, and that no disgrace whatever attaches, in the mind of his coach and his comrades, to false witness. More fundamentally still, he hears upon all sides the clamor that sport is for sport's sake, and for the development of his God-given body; and this he knows to be untrue. Suppose we sent our boys into battle with the statement that we had no interest in the outcome; let them do as well as possible, victory was all one to us? They might win, but what confidence would they place in our straightforwardness?

I look forward to the time, now that war has cleared our minds of cant (so Mr. William Allen White says, anyway), when intercollegiate athletics will really be conducted on a reasonable basis. Our institutions will admit that the object of their athletic organizations is victory; they will secure in every possible way the best men for the achievement of this end; they will develop these men by proper food, as well as by proper training and equipment; they will not annoy by temporal and scholastic restrictions, nor deceive by conventional exhortation; sons of Alma Mater, they will say, go forth to war. That jocund day stands tiptoe.

If we are not to welcome it, then let us at least be honest and turn our backs on it; let us abolish intercollegiate athletics, as we have abolished the mile walk.

JAMES WEBER LINN.

A COMMUNICATION

The Row in the Army

ISN'T there a big row coming on in the army, and won't all of us get into it in some way or other?

The overseas crowd and the crowd that stayed at home are about to engage in a series of crimination and recrimination, charge and counter-charge, that will make the readers of newspapers wonder whether the war is over or just begun.

It all began with—well, what incident, exaggerated out of its due relative value, did begin it all? Was it the question of the silver chevron? Does it hark back to the Cannon remark about the reason for spurs on the boots of the officers in Washington—to keep their feet from falling off the tables? Is it the old argument of the line of the army versus the staff? Does it have a political bearing beginning with Major-General Wood's return to this country?

I don't know what started it, and it doesn't make much difference. That it was Mrs. O'Leary's cow that started the Chicago fire matters little. It might have been Mrs. O'Malley's. Chicago would have burned just the same. Historians may search out the proximate cause of the thing that impends. The interesting thing is that it does impend. There is going to be a row in the army.

Be the cause of this row what it may, it is easy to pick the time it came into the open. That was on November 11, 1918, the date of the signing of the armistice. That date settled things over there but started them here. On that day the army as an institution dismounted with more or less grace, and the civil institutions leapt to the saddle, adjusted the stirrup straps and resumed command. The war, a thing of activity, was over. The aftermath, a thing of contemplation and consequent conversation, had come.

And conversation did begin. Mr. Lodge had a few words to say. Mr. Taft had a few words to say. Mr. J. Hamilton Lewis had a few words to say. Newspapers made remarks that were more pointed than polite. Magazines stuck their heads out of their dugouts and began to take notice again. Men in Brown county, Indiana, gathered at night around the stove in the country store and chewed and spit and talked. The lid was off the country over and the devil take the hindmost.

With the civilian loosening of tongues, I am not particularly concerned. I have been out of civilian life some years, and much of the talk is jumble to me. I used to know what it was all about and be able, at least, to listen with intelligence. And as I become adjusted again to the civilian status, I shall again join in with the crowd at the country store. But at present it is the loosening of army tongues that interests me. And this will force its way out of the army and crowd into the home of the civilian.

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Why did General Pershing send Generals Bundy, Edwards, Bell, etc., home recently? Why were promotions so slow among the officers of the overseas force and so rapid among those who stayed at home? What has become of the old heads of War Department bureaus, and why? Why was General McCain displaced as Adjutant-General of the army, and General Harris put in? Why did the War Department recommend that the temporary general's rank of March and Pershing and the temporary lieutenant-general's rank of Bullard and Liggett be made permanent and omit to recommend that the temporary rank of Major General Crowder be made permanent?

I am not going to answer any of these questions. I do not know any of the answers. The proper answers will probably emerge out of open discussion.

In the army open discussion is a fearsome thing. Two Methodist preachers in a conference, both coveting the same assignment, can say no meaner things about each other under cover than can army officers when they break their rules of silence. Which is natural and proper, according to one Mr. Emerson's law of compensation. Army officers don't come out in the open very much. But when they do they come the whole way. Army regulations are against criticism and gossip. The spirit of the military establishment directs the subordinate to do what he is told and keep his opinions to himself. Now, after all, an army officer is not a being set apart. He is from the nature of things a human being in many ways. It is impossible for them, therefore, not to talk and gossip among themselves and intrigue and plan and scheme for their advancement, just in the same old human way as does the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant and the chief, and all of the rest of the buttons.

Usually the talk and intrigue is bottled within the army group. Mere civilians (except congressmen and senators, who have to listen at times) do not hear a whisper. The talk and gossip, the dissatisfaction, exists and seethes throughout the entire military establishment, extending from the top to the bottom and all in between—and among the wives of the top and bottom and the in-between.

Such talk as "Why was so-and-so made the chief of staff? It is assumed to be on account of efficiency, but you know, old man, as a matter of fact, it was because . . ." Or "Why was Captain so-and-so found [failed] by the board that examined him for promotion? The reason given was that he could not pass the field service regulations test, but I happen to know that the head of the examining board . . ." Or even down among the enlisted men, "Why was so-and-so made top sergeant? Because he was the best man in the outfit? Oh, no, it was really because . . ."

But to the eternal credit of the army it may be said that not often does their gossip reach out and embroil the civilian engaged in his peaceful pursuits. It is kept pretty well in the back yard, confined by the army high board back fence. And the civilian does not even know of it, much less involve himself in it. But once in a generation or so it breaks out of the yard and spreads all over town. Twenty years ago Admirals Sampson and Schley of the navy had a controversy that made the various North Pole discoverers look like children. And now it is about to break out again. Congressmen are lining up and newspapers are opening out. Distinguished publicists are asking questions. Will (temporary) Major-General Crowder have to go back to his permanent rank of brigadier-general in the regular establishment? Is there any disputing the fact that he is one of the biggest figures in the estimation of the American people today? Didn't he organize and put over with success the biggest thing in the war—the draft? And not only with mechanical success but spiritual success—for didn't he not only put it over, but make us like it, by and large? And what difference does it make whether he attended to all of the details himself or gathered about him able men from the army and from civilian life to work these details out? Is he any the less a great executive? Should he come out of this war with the same permanent rank as when he went in, a brigadier-general? And be one, two or three grades below others whose duty lay on the other side? True, he is to be given a distinguished service medal to play with and wear upon his breast, but does that in any degree make up for the increased rank that he missed, which others are to receive?

All of this talk about rank has little meaning to the civilian, but attaches great importance to itself in a hierarchical institution like the army.

I am not answering the above questions. I am merely pointing them out as questions that will soon be asked out in the open, as they have been asked within the army.

And why were the several major-generals sent back home after having played their part in real combat sectors? Because they were "worn out" with their heavy responsibilities? Did they ask to be sent back? Did they fall down on their job? On the other hand were they in a fair way to make an individual name for themselves? Were their personalities looming up large enough to cause eclipse or partial eclipses? Was it army politics? I am not answering these questions. I am merely pointing them out as questions that will be asked.

And then how about the officers of the lower grades—majors, captains, lieutenants—have they received their promotions much faster in this country than in the overseas force? Have officers been penalized for their eagerness to go overseas and be in the thick of things? Is it true that many officers on duty with divisions in this country about to go across have been given increased rank in order to induce them not to risk their necks, but to stay here for training purposes? Is it true that these lower-grade officers on duty here in Washington, being in close touch with the powers that be, have received promotions relatively much faster than men in the field? Has there been a tendency to forget the men in the field?

Which is the better plan for the peace-time army to be constructed—independent bureaus and departments, each with largely responsible heads or a very strongly centralized autocracy, with the General Staff as the fountain head of all executive action? Each bureau and department chief, on the one hand, is trying to extend his jurisdiction and maintain his semi-independence from the General Staff in matters wherein his particular department carries on as an expert. The General Staff, on the other hand, is trying to limit further the jurisdiction and authority of the several bureau chiefs. This is bringing about a sharp conflict, now within the army itself, but one which will soon have to come out into the open.

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These and dozens of other kindred questions are seething in the army organization now. At times they have broken through the army wall and come out into the open. The tendency is for the wall to break down further and let loose a wild pack of such questions on the public. It may not break. The gap may be closed. A further straining of army discipline may confine these various questions within the army itself.

If so, the public may be pleased. Certainly it will be pleased if the public of the present is the public of the past —a public that has no interest, or at best an aloof, academic interest in the army. The public may say, "Well, the war is over; so long as it lasted we had to take an interest in the damn thing. But it's done now, so let's forget it, and go on about our business of paying for it."

Or the public may adopt a new attitude and demand to know what the row is all about. This army has come to be a national absorption instead of an incident. The public and its sons and daughters and husbands and wives have all been a part of it. It has become a part of the life of the nation. If there is anything the matter with it, it affects millions of American citizens. Let's have it out, once for all, if possible, and then, but not till then, go back to our knitting.

That is what I think will happen. The row will come —the public invited as a spectator. If it once gets in, however, it will not content itself with a ring-side seat. It will get into the muddle, thrash about, call names, denounce policies, support individuals, arrive at a perspective, formulate a more or less common public opinion, order it carried into execution and then—

Forget about it, right at the point of fruition, so the effort will all go for nothing; or, wonder of wonders—

Actually stay with the solution until it is put over.

Maybe.

AMERICAN SOLDIER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Relief for Russia

[The following letter was sent to the American Friends' Service Committee by one of their relief workers in Russia, Mr. E. St. John Catchpool.]

I HAVE used every means I could think of in the hope of being able to get some news through to you as to the work of our unit in Russia. Rigg is still down in Tambov inspecting the children's colonies. We have taken these colonies over from the Peregovsky Society as they had not sufficient funds to continue this excellent piece of work. We expect Rigg to return any time now. Miss White is here in Moscow making arrangements for the winter clothing of the children. I am busily engaged upon our scheme for the transporting of flour from Samara for the feeding of the starving children. With the help of the Souz Gorodof we have got everything ready. The Commisar of Food is in favor; Chicherin strongly supports us. Lenin approves, but we have not yet got Trotsky to agree. The boats and the tug are ready at Nishni Novgorod. Whether Trotsky will agree is of the utmost importance and, of course, he may hold up the whole scheme. He says that "if barge-loads of flour are allowed by me to come through the front on the river it will look as though the war with the Czecho-Slovaki is not in real earnest!"

In my last letter I spoke of the fact that our position as a non-political party, respected by the Bolsheviki and by the Czechs, gave us a very valuable standing, and I said that I thought that we might be able in that capacity to do very useful work for the cause of truth and peace. On Friday night Major Wardwell and Sverdilov came round to me and informed me of a perplexing situation that has just arisen. It appears that when the Czechs evacuated the town of Uza they took a number of women and children belonging to well-known Bolshevik families as hostages. Of course, the taking of men hostages—and this has been done on both sides—is immoral, but the taking of women and children is intolerable. The American and French Consulates have given me very strong letters of protest, and the Danish, Swiss, Norwegian and Dutch and Swedish Consulates have also signed a common letter of protest. I have been asked to proceed at once to Samara and make a protest to the authorities there in the strongest terms. For this purpose I have personal papers from all the five neutral Consulates, as well as from the British, French and American, and in addition from the International Red Cross, appointing me as their official representative in this matter—so you see I am well protected. I intend to base my protest on the principle of the immorality of all hostage-taking by either side, and not merely to ask for the release of the women and children. I have insisted that if I go the neutral Consulates shall send an official protest to the Bolsheviki also, protesting on the same terms, as I shall go to the Czechs against their taking of hostages also. I shall go down to the frontier in a special carriage, and the Bolsheviki insist upon sending down a guard. I said that I should feel safer without it and that it was against my strongest wishes to have a guard, but they feel that they must send this guard on their honor, and so I must just regard them as a bunch of men traveling on their own affairs. It will be a bit difficult crossing the neutral ground a distance, I believe, from Penza onward of about sixty versts. They have sent off from here a wireless asking that the Czechs meet our little body and convoy us safely to Samara. At any rate, danger or no, I am sure that I shall be kept quite safe, because the work is good, and I personally believe that the danger is very little, since the front is in no way to be compared to that on the west; although, of course, for that very reason the front is less defined and the firing more irregular. I should be very sorry if this matter delayed our proposals for transportation of flour to Moscow, but I hope not to be absent more than about ten days, and the chance of making any arrangements at the Samara end will be of the utmost assistance. This journey also gives me the opportunity of getting once more into touch with our people in Samara and Buzuluk, and moreover the foul attempt on the life of Lenin has created some excitement here, making it very difficult to proceed further with the proposals at this end. In addition, Trotsky is still at the front, and we cannot proceed until he returns.

I am leaving tomorrow for Samara. I am so sorry that I must go before Rigg returns from Tambov so that I have no chance of consulting him, but I feel sure that he would agree that this is a most valuable piece of work and

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that I ought not to refuse to go. Willoughby Smith has appointed me a representative of the American Committee for the Relief of Armenian Refugees, and I hope that we may be able to detach some one from the work at Buzuluk for the Armenian work in view of the urgency of this task, and trust that more workers will be coming from England shortly. The route through Persia is open, and I believe that the Germans would allow members of the Society of Friends to pass from Stockholm by boat straight to Petrograd as a shorter alternative route.

I had a long talk a few days ago with Dr. Paket, the correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung—a German and a great friend of Helffrichs's. He did not know I was a Quaker when I first met him, but I spoke about the work of helping the wives and families of the interned Germans in England, and he said at once, "Oh, do tell me more about it. Have you got one of their reports? That work has done a great deal of good and has been one of the bright spots in this war." He took the various particulars from me as best I could give them and wrote an article and sent it to the Frankfurter Zeitung.

(Signed) E. St. John Catchpool.

The Stielow Case

SIR: Governor Whitman's recent pardon to Charles F. Stielow, convicted of murder and four times snatched from the electric chair at the last moment, is the closing chapter in one of the most remarkable criminal cases on record. Stielow's ultimate vindication and restoration to citizenship is due solely to the persistent efforts of private individuals who, believing in his innocence, waged a successful fight for his freedom. Stielow's release, after a long siege of imprisonment and torture, however gratifying to the accused and his champions—and presumably to the state for being spared the odium of putting an innocent man to death—nevertheless seriously challenges the efficiency of our administration of justice. This case, with its many ramifications, motions for a new trial, extraordinary revelations, confessions made and repudiated, stays of execution and appeals for executive clemency, presents a striking illustration of legal "red tape" and technicality. Not only has the "Stielow case" shown conclusively that an innocent man can be sentenced to death despite the legal "safeguards" which apparently surround him, but it is true that one having undergone such a horrible experience can obtain no redress from the state for his suffering and disgrace. The state is powerless to make adequate amends to its innocent victim.

Is it not a sad commentary upon our enlightened civilization that, although the individual may be compelled to pay damages for his wrongful acts, the state is permitted to escape liability for a grave injustice committed by it? The lesson of the Stielow case is two-fold:

(1) The office of Public Defender should be established to prevent wrongful convictions (particularly with respect to indigents) on the theory that the state should seek to acquit the innocent as well as to punish the guilty, and that the defense should have the same resources as are available to the prosecution. The successful operation of this office in various American communities and foreign countries amply justifies the proposed legislation. Progressive thought is rapidly recognizing that the Public Defender plan is fundamentally sound from the standpoint of justice, efficiency and economy.

(2) The state should indemnify those who, like Stielow, are the victims of legal injustice. In this connection it is interesting to note that the German law recognizes the right of an innocent person unjustly punished to be compensated by the state, viz:

> "Those defendants who have been acquitted upon a re-trial may demand damages or compensation from the state if their punishment pronounced at the first trial has been put in operation, in whole or in part.
>
> "Innocent persons who have been detained in custody before trial and who have been acquitted, in criminal cases, may demand damages from the state if the trial has established their innocence."

The just and equitable administration of the criminal law demands that both of the remedies proposed should be incorporated in our judicial system. The American sense of "fair play" should apply as logically to the state as to the individual. The "square deal" in the courts means the democracy of justice. If the state can commit a wrong, a remedy should be provided for the one injured.

Mayer C. Goldman.

New York City.

The Supreme Issue

SIR: The time has come—

1. To release political prisoners whose offense was to retain Mr. Wilson's pacifist views after he abandoned them.

2. To restore the right of asylum to political refugees which was once our country's proud boast—memories of Kossuth!

3. To release American citizens held in the interest of foreign governments for interpreting Mr. Wilson's "liberty, self-government, and undictated development" to mean a curtailment of British dominion in some parts of the earth.

4. To remove the blighting hand of the post office censor from political publications.

5. To teach the judges of the courts to be more circumspect in using Jeffreysian language in condemning political offenders to prison.

6. To restore the rights of press, speech, and meeting which were curtailed during the war—memories of the Alien and Sedition laws and the late lamented Federalist party!

And all this will be in the interest of those persons of commonsense and property who want to keep their money in their purses and their heads on their shoulders by preventing an accumulation of discontent, bitterness, and hatred which will threaten the foundations of law and order. Is truth so frail and faith so slight that they must be handed over to the police?

Charles A. Beard.

New York City.

"Tory"

SIR: Since the word "Tory" is in popular use again, is it not well to ask what idea attaches to it? Disraeli defined the Tory idea thus: "The feudal system may have worn out, but its main principle, that the tenure of property should be the fulfillment of duty, is the essence of good government."

Well, then, in just how far are American Tories interested in duties incumbent upon holders of property? We all know their passionate interest in the tenure and rights of property.

M. H. Hedges.

Beloit, Wisconsin.

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What to Read

IF the league of nations goes through as an American scheme it would be poetic—or at least literary—justice to include an international copyright law among its details. The United States and Russia are the only nations of first importance still outside the provisions of the Berne Convention. Surely if there is need anywhere for an international guaranty of rights it is called for in the matter of books published in the two great English-speaking countries. Neither our publishers nor our authors bear any share of the blame for the present system. It is purely for economic protection against a hypothetic flooding of our market with cheap books from England that the astute manipulators of our tariff laws have barred us from participation in the agreement. No doubt the well-read cosmopolitan gentlemen plausibly assume that British books, at once better and more inexpensive than our own, would drive our timid amateurs in expression and printing from the field. Before this possibility without doubt it behooves all patriots to stand—if we can manage it—somewhat aghast. Yet even were there no imposed barriers we may be sure there would be little enough exchange of thought across the Atlantic. Comparatively few English books get through to us now and these not so much the most important as the most saleable. We send our best-sellers to England. They send theirs to us. They are mainly novels, and not usually our best. The outcome is a mutual impression of barely tolerable mediocrity.

Personally and at present I should say damn all novels. No doubt it is a matter of mood. There was a time when a good romance spelled heaven in only far too temporary a fashion. But I have possessed my soul now these many years. Not having read much compelling narrative lately I am unprepared to surrender myself to any facile psychologist who will reveal the weaknesses of earth-children, and incidentally my own. To read a book like Henry Kitchell Webster's An American Family is to sit opposite a subtle psycho-analyst and try to enjoy it while he probes you. He knows so well what he is doing; he knows so infernally well what your reactions mean. It is like telling your dreams to an expert to write a candid review of such a book and relate how you felt about the surging forces of love and mastery as they flooded the tissues of your inmost darkling prejudice. To follow the comparison further it is a fundamentally serious limitation with the novel as a form that to be overpoweringly effective it must intensify sex-entanglements rather than elucidating and clarifying them. The leverage upon us is gained through our ancient ineradicable superstitions. The less you feel of unreasoning unnecessary terrors and blind aversions, the less moralistic or puritanical you are, and the more scientific, the freer you become from the tyranny of artists. But there is a fallacy in this attitude. The stuff of life is shadows. We may work back from one series of illusions to another but a red guard of poets and romancers goes with us to the rending of the last veil. If Homer no longer thrills you try Ovid. If Shaw no longer evokes the pleasant horrors of your private demonology, then Schnitzler. If Swinburne no longer leaves mind and body aching with esoteric pain turn to Conrad Aiken. Among novelists there is probably none who excels Joseph Conrad in pure strength of diabolic clutch upon the most modern vitals. If you elude him the one class of reading matter that can be guaranteed to shock and move you is to be found in the artless New York journals of undertaking. Perhaps you will be able to read callously through a few courses in vein-draining and mortuary massage. The advertisements may be found mildly amusing. But when you reach the funeral directors' funny column your veins will run with embalming fluid and you will feel a cold nickel head-rest clamping gradually behind your ears.

There is something a little shame-faced for most of us about the admission that we find books about literature more fascinating than the originals. It seems a confession that we have read too much; the attitude of a jaded horseman, still interested enough to listen in on stable talk, but shaken up and sore, preferring an arm chair to an oat-fed mount. It's not an exalted state of mind, but a real one certainly. One has seldom a desire so authentic and so harmless. It is well to indulge it a little as you indulge a desire for the city, knowing well that a city can be acquired like any other bad habit but that your private bit of healthy sea or mountain-range will eventually drag you back. The Sunwise Turn Bookshop is republishing Clive Bell's Pot-Boilers in New York. Clive Bell is no real-estate agent trying to sell you a suburban lot. He smacks distinctly of open country and untrammeled weather. He tramps through Ibsen and Montaigne with the rain and wind in his face, enjoying it. He makes one wish to return, if only for a vacation.

Lord Dunsany, it is announced, will come to New York sometime this winter, and Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre will reopen in January to produce plays new and old by the Irish master of brief drama. It is not likely that Dunsany's meteor will suffer complete eclipse, even though the one-act play and the little theatre descend into darkness. His gift for the projection in mid-air of impossible plots and places is as real and as unique as Poe's. It is an experience worth having to come upon the eerie Three Sailors' Gambit in a casual magazine. Talented, titled, dilettante work, observably crude but amazingly effective. Its power depended about equally upon novelty of idea and vivid realization of scene. In Dunsany's best work there is no crudity; but originality of theme and an intense pictorial sense contribute most to his appeal in the plays as in the stories. He is much farther from real life than Poe, and the delicate mechanism of destiny that rules his action gives an impression of life on the moon that is enhanced by a chiseled, supra-mundane dialogue. Of course these things constitute his charm. But the normal tendency of the theatre-goer to like life rare and hot rules him out of wide popularity, may rule him out of enduring fame.

It might have been better for Dunsany's permanence had he discovered early that he is essentially a fatalist and not a mystic. A writer of fairy tales must decide whether he will be druid or scientist. The druid deals with hidden meanings and innate moral laws of the universe, a scientist is content to reveal to you what he has found of the marvellous in earth or sea. His only laws are the codes of physics and chance. Dunsany is not cut out for prophecies and revelations. He is nearer akin to Greek than to Gothic art. When he is content with clarity and logical conclusions he is convincing; when he aims to strike inexplicable awe and terror to the soul we suspect a compulsion foreign to his instinct and smile at his conjured apparitions. The Gods of the Mountain and The Laughter of the Gods treat the same theme; but in the first there is a symbolic balance of events, necessity punishes a violation of her law; in the second a nondescript bugaboo blunders into an alien world where his presence is more ludicrous than frightening.

SALANN.

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Books and Things

TO make the last three months intelligible I must go back further than that. One little year ago I was almost happy. Nearly all the members of my family had become inured to my presence in the home. My friends never showed, and I believe seldom felt, discomfort when I accepted their invitations. Acquaintances would smile cheerily when we met on the street. Now and then one among them would stop of his own accord and pass the time of day. In my quiet way I was, in short, a popular man.

Not quite a year ago an acute observer might have detected, here a little and there a little more, signs of change. That acute observer was not I. The first step on the downhill road was taken when I bought a magazine, the second in several years, and read an advertisement. It told how Mr. Smith, whose memory had been so defective that he could not recall the names of his children by his first wife, or the address to which he was expected to send the alimony cheque, now could and did tell such of his seventeen thousand acquaintances as came his way their telephone numbers and middle names. I took the memory training lessons by which Mr. Smith had profited so strangely. Next I read an advertisement which narrated the methodical saturation of Mr. Jones in general information. A quarter of an hour a day was turning him into a well posted and therefore brilliant conversationalist. I took that course too. I made myself a lord of miscellaneous knowledge. No doubt you can guess the next and last step. You can see me, after but a few months devoted to training my will by mail, a changed man, an aggressive character, a dominating personality.

Now I am not yet prepared to admit that any one of these three disciplines, taken singly, would have wrecked my life. Perhaps even the three together would not have shattered my happiness if I had not been such a forward pupil, which is what each of my teachers assured me, by mail, that I was. Be these things as they may, the great fact remains: Last June, when I, the finished product of all this training, burst upon the world, confidently, optimistically, the world did as it always does when things burst. It ran for cover.

By the way, I ought at this point, in fairness to the advertisements which I accuse of my undoing, to say that they kept many of their promises. They turned me from nobody into somebody. My improved memory was of immense utility in my office, where works of reference fell into disuse as soon as my employer had tired of the pastime of consulting them to verify what I said. Of what service were they when it was so much quicker for anybody who wanted to know the duty on cocoa matting in the tariff of 1884, whether it was hemp or wool that ought to be wet-rotted, scutched and hackled, whether Kosciuszko shrieked as Freedom fell, or the other way round, to ask me? An ability to remember things like these has a cash value. Combined with my new dominatingly aggressive will it raised my salary to eighteen thousand a year.

That is the good side of my case, and would that my case had been one-sided! But it wasn't. Beyond the walls of my office, where I united the merits of a work of reference and of an irresistible force, there was a different story to tell. My acquaintances began to behave themselves oddly. They seemed always to be hurrying to important engagements. Friends, what you would really call friends, ceased to be. My wife took to accepting an improbable number of invitations in which I was not included, and I have reason to believe that when invitations were lacking she would sometimes dine alone at her modest club. My children escaped me by marrying, hastily, people they hardly knew.

From June until near the end of September my way of life led me from solitude to solitude, from hell to hell. In September, at the request of friends who used to be mine and had become my wife's, I first heard of Dr. Lugweed. His mere waiting-room made an immediate impression. Its literature was obviously modern. There was a profuse supply of pamphlets, by which I was astonished, puzzled and thrilled. Here indeed were the sources of hope—What to Forget and How; The Lost Is Found, or Inhibitions Regained; The Abortion of Anecdotes. I entered Dr. Lugweed's private office with a beating heart and shining eyes.

The doctor did not disappoint the expectations his anteroom had raised. Without a sign of patience he listened to my sad story. When at last I had finished he said: "Your case is not uncommon, although exceptionally grave. Its gravity, of which you do not appear to be fully aware, you have revealed by many signs, of which I select but one to notice. While sitting here, consulting a busy and by no means inexpensive physician, you have seen fit to tell him the population of Sandusky in 1910, the relation of James I of England to Henry VIII, and the mean height of the Vale of Kashmir above sea level. Yes, your case is grave. But I do not despair of curing you if you will consent to become an inmate of my sanitarium for three months."

Into the details of those three months, which began with October, I shall not go. Suffice it to say that Dr. Lugweed, after testing and observing me for a week, took a more hopeful view of my case than I had given him at our first encounter. His method is to impair the memory, to strengthen the suppressing and repressing will, or to do both at once. It was method number two that he essayed with me. "By this method," he said, "the battle is harder, but the victory, if won at all, is decisive. Your will to impart miscellaneous information has been wonderfully trained, wonderfully. Perhaps we shall overcome it by training the will to keep miscellaneous information to yourself, where it belongs. Should this effort fail we'll try to bring your memory down to normal."

Well, here I am, after three months of intensive treatment, cured, healed, capable of speaking without putting everybody within sound of my voice to flight. It would be unfair to Dr. Lugweed, whom I have had the happy thought of addressing as "Master," to reveal his secret, but there is, I believe, no harm in recording fragments of his talk. "Aim high," he said one day. "I had a friend once who had taken all knowledge to be his province, and who went through life silent, for fear of talking shop. Keep him in mind." And on another occasion, in a less earnest mood, he let fall this: "Here is the paradox of social intercourse: Although the best companion is not he who says nothing, the good companion is known by what he omits to say." And on a third occasion, laconically: "Few are they who can endure the society of a well informed man." I owe much, moreover, perhaps more than I can hope to express in words, to a booklet called Teach Me Rather to Forget, written by Dr. Lugweed himself. Although designed peculiarly for patients who are taking the memory-weakening course, the opening pages of this tract have a meaning for me, possibly for us all: "'That reminds me,' says my memory. 'I mustn't say it,' says my love of my neighbor. And in the end, which is not far from

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the beginning, my love of neighbor yields to my memory, I open my mouth and off I go."

On the morning of my departure from the sanitarium Dr. Lugweed did me the unusual honor of seeing me to his door. At the moment of saying goodbye he pressed a card into my hand. So near were we to Christmas that I mistook this for a conventional seasonal card, and did not look at it until I had got out of the sleigh and into the train. Then I read the Master's offering and was affected almost to tears. With his own hand he had written these words: "It is good to have encyclopædic knowledge, but it is cruel to use it like . . . you used to."

P. L.

After the Play

IT was ever so many years ago, when he was a weekly contributor to the London Speaker, that Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch said something like this: "When I go to the theatre I know the curtain will rise, at the beginning of the first act, and discover two or more persons exchanging information which must have been their common property for years." My memory has done Sir Arthur's words no good. He spoke more concisely and neatly.

Since that remote epoch, in the eighties or nineties of the last century, the art of exposition has improved. Playwrights take it more seriously. They no longer offer us, so consciencelessly and easy-goingly, either elaborately explanatory servants or returned travellers who must be told what the audience must know. Nowadays a good journeyman dramatist would not have the face to give us such an exposition as Paul Hervieu committed in 1901, when he wrote L'Énigme. Though the play is only two acts long, though it is crowded with events and emotions, though time is precious to dramatist and spectator, nothing can happen, the action cannot get under way, until Hervieu has given us a blue-print of the Gourgirans' shooting-box, has told us who sleeps in which room.

This peculiarity, this insistent presence of blue-print, instructor and pointer, makes the total effect of L'Énigme uncommonly odd. I for one feel as if Hervieu had been saying: "If you will take the trouble to learn and not to forget that the house faces northwest by north, and that the bedrooms are in the south wing, and that Mr. Smith has his meals but doesn't sleep in the house, then I will lead you, thrill by thrill, to the conclusion that death is an excessive punishment of adultery." Having said this he proceeds to keep his promise, as he goes pounding along his loud and perilous way.

Nevertheless, I am glad Jacques Copeau chose to give L'Énigme at the Vieux Colombier. His production is absolutely straightforward. It reveals the play's good and bad points. It lets us get at the real Hervieu, it reveals a serious, artificial, solemn, humorless, forcible, sincere, awkward, gloomy Hervieu, who was in his day an originator. What he originated I don't find it easy to describe. It was Brunetière, I believe, who said he originated the tragédie bourgeoise. Perhaps. But to an outsider Hervieu's invention looks more like melodrama for self-respecting academicians.

Boubouroche, which was given on the same evening with L'Énigme, is about eight years older, and seems about fifty years younger. The second act of Boubouroche, Jules Lemaître wrote soon after the play's first performance in Paris: "C'est la grande scène du quatrième acte du Misanthrope. C'est la grande scène du second acte de Turcaret. Et vous la retrouverez dans le Roi Candaule, et vous la retrouverez dans la Parisienne, et vous la retrouverez partout. Mais que la 'variation' de M. Georges Courteline est donc, dans presque tous ses détails, imprévue, pittoresque et joyeuse. Elle se distingue par trois traits: L'énormité d'évidence du délit, l'énormité d'impudence de la coupable, l'énormité de candeur de la victime. Ces trois énormités sont folles: je ne jurerais pas qu' elles soient invraisemblables." Until I saw Boubouroche at the Vieux Colombier I quite failed to appreciate the exactness of Lemaître's praise. Reading the play, although I laughed here and there, had hurt my self-esteem. Should I never be able, I wondered, to taste Courteline's comic force? Was he one of those French writers whom only a Frenchman can enjoy thoroughly? But Boubouroche, as M. Copeau gives it, is a very different story. He has put Courteline within reach of us all. Everybody in the theatre enjoyed it. We all laughed consumedly, without restraint.

Last year I think I got keener pleasure from La Nuit des Rois and from Les Frères Karamazov than from anything else at the French theatre. But nothing I've seen there struck me as better done than the first act of Boubouroche. It was a genre picture by a master in this art. It was a delight to the eye. It was perfection. Better acting than that of M. Casa and M. Dullin I don't hope to see in this world.

When away from New York I seldom wish I were there, but in the past few months I have often regretted missing so many of the Vieux Colombier performances. To look at them was one of last winter's "most exquisite pleasures." There was, to begin with, the pleasure in the French language, to hear which always makes me wonder, foolishly, whether I could enjoy the sound more if I really knew French. There was also the pleasure of admiring, most gratefully, a nation which has been able, for four hundred years, to be true without monotony to its genius for the theatre, to keep through many changes something persistently and imperishably French, to find in every age some innovator who nevertheless respects the traditional, sociable, civilizing clearness of France.

Only a Frenchman, of course, can get from the French theatre, especially from the plays written "in agèd accents and untimely words," all the enjoyment that they have to offer. But Copeau's art, more than that of any other French director I know, makes more kinds of play accessible to more kinds of spectators. Really the art of doing his revealing best by each play, it appears to be the art of letting each play do its best for itself.

Not everybody cares for such an art as Copeau's. If you believe that nothing can be new unless it be mannered, you naturally find this French art too unassuming, too reticent, too quietly sure of itself, too frank.

At the Empire, a few nights ago, where I found myself agreeing with nearly everything F. H. had said about Dear Brutus, and yet getting a lot more fun out of it than he did, I had a shock. In the second act, Dearth was talking to his daughter. "Come here, my dear," he said to her, "come here immediately, if not sooner." I'm not quite certain of his speech as a whole, but I could swear to that "immediately, if not sooner." Now I don't believe Sir James Barrie wrote those words. They don't sound like him. But if in a moment of weakness he did write them, why didn't everybody at the first hearing of them entreat him to cut them out of the scene? They do not belong there. They do not, at this late day, belong anywhere. Can it be that Mr. Gillette, in a moment of weakness, interpolated them?

Q. K.

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Miracles

Counterfeit Miracles, by Benjamin B. Warfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

TO attack the authenticity of miracles all the way from the latter part of the second century down to the present moment must have required an unusual degree of pertinacity, especially when you consider how absorbing the present moment is. Yet that is what Mr. Warfield has done without letting his mind wander one instant from the subject. It would not be so bad if one had merely to collect and examine miracles. To re-tell the story of Catherine of Siena, for example, might be even now an agreeable thing to do. But with so many other things exploding around us, to set off Catherine of Siena also seems at the present time rather excessive. To keep a cold, steady, merciless eye on all the evidence for all the miracles (except of course those sacred apostolic ones), repressing at the same time any interest in their poetry or their pathos, beginning, say, with the writings of Eusebius, Justin Martyr, Irenæus and Tertullian, and coming down to comparatively recent numbers of the Christian Science Journal; to refute them singly, refute them in batches, detect the mistakes of St. Augustine about St. Stephen's bones, track down the stigma, the liquefactions, the apparitions of the Virgin, the healings by the Virgin's milk, the miracles by relics, the miracles of Lourdes, the gift of tongues possessed by Miss Emily Cardale; to examine minutely the remarks of Camisards and other millenarians, and of faith healers, mind healers, Christian Scientists and other inspired folk not in themselves at all exhilarating, and to do all this not only with the certainty in advance that you will not find anything in them but with the pious conviction that you really must not find anything in them—that certainly requires something of a grip on your private inclinations.

The author of Counterfeit Miracles has done all this and much more beside, and he has done it at what were probably the most distracting moments of his life. Perhaps on the very day that he heard the news of the sinking of the Lusitania he wrote that page in which he proved so admirably that Eusebius was not familiar with the raising of the dead in his day or Papias in his day. For otherwise why should Theophilus of Antioch have parried the question of Antalycus? And why, again, should Tertullian have referred to the subject in the way in which he did refer to it?

His purpose is to put an end once and for all to the belief that miraculous gifts could have been bestowed on anyone at a later date than about 150 A. D.

"Their abundant display in the Apostolic Church is the mark of the richness of the Apostolic age in revelation; and when this revelation closed, the period of miracle-working had passed by also, as a mere matter of course. It might indeed be a priori conceivable that God should deal with men atomistically, and reveal Himself and His will in each individual throughout the whole course of history in the penetralium of his own consciousness. This is the mystic's dream. It has not, however, been God's way."

The miraculous gifts ceased with the death of the last man on whom an apostle had laid his hands, that is about the middle of the second century, and no genuine miracle has ever occurred since then. A few careful Protestants have perceived this, but a great many others have admitted miracles of the third, fourth, and even later centuries, believing that the church during the period of its early purity continued to possess the divine gifts. That admission is fatal to the Protestant position, because evidence for later miracles is far stronger and more abundant than for those earlier ones. Admit that and the whole flood of Roman Catholic miracles comes pouring in, including those of to-day. For example, if you admit that Eucharius of Calama was raised from the dead in the fifth century, you must admit the cure of de Rudder's broken leg at Lourdes at the close of the nineteenth, for the evidence in the latter case is twice as convincing as the evidence for the former.

For many years after 150 A. D. the Christians had no raisings from the dead to point to. "The fact is striking testimony to the marked sobriety of their spirit. The heathen had them in plenty." Later they borrowed miracle stories from the heathen romances and gave them a Christian setting. Then out of the Ebionitish and Gnostic heresies there sprang another. There grew up a Christian magic alongside the heathen magic. The wonder tales borrowed from the heathen were re-worked and taken over into the church. Some of the Fathers recorded miracles, but many of them disbelieved in them on the ground that the age of miracles was past. Thus Isadore of Seville: "Whoever seeks to perform miracles now as a believer seeks after vainglory and human applause"; and Chrysostom: "Of miraculous powers not even a vestige is left." In general, they are to be regarded simply as the infusion of a heathen mode of thought. They are often to be explained by perfectly familiar natural causes, as in the case of the African martyrs who continued to speak after their tongues had been cut out—it having been since established that while the loss of half his tongue prevents a man from speaking, the loss of his whole tongue does not. Their persistence and increase are to be explained pathologically, psychologically, or in some other perfectly modern, reasonable way. Thus, monasticism by the stimulus it gave to nervous tendencies produced an "extraordinary harvest of visions, demoniacal assaults and miracles." Many are so absurd as to need no refutation, as when monks declared that they had picked up the feathers dropped from Gabriel's wings or seen the finger of the Holy Spirit at Jerusalem. Much is explained by suggestion, and of course a good many genuine cures, thought at the time to be miraculous, may be attributed to psychotherapy.

In this entirely rational manner Mr. Warfield explains them away. There is one, however, that he cannot explain. This is de Rudder's leg above mentioned. Here the testimony was overwhelming. The bone was broken in two places, had pierced the flesh, making an ugly wound, and yet the leg had apparently become perfectly sound at once. This, he says, is inexplicable, but it does not matter in the least. "We are willing to believe that it happened just as it is said to have happened. We are content to know that, in no case, it was a miracle." He had previously said:

"Even though we should stand dumb before the wonders of Lourdes, and should be entirely incapable of suggesting a natural causation for them, we know right well they are not of God."

Now in a mind unused to theological reasoning this raises an uncomfortable, and perhaps discourteous, doubt. If there is no need of suggesting natural causation for the mending of de Rudder's leg, because you know in advance it cannot be of God, why is there any need of suggesting natural causation for any alleged miracle later than the middle of the second century, all of which you know in advance cannot be of God? If you may remain dumb be-

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fore all the miracles at Lourdes and still be just as sure that God had no hand in them as if you were vocally explaining them, why is not the policy of dumbness toward miracles a wise policy to pursue and why proceed to explode? In short, why write over two hundred pages of explanation reinforced by nearly as many more pages of notes and abounding in admirable quotations from other people's explanations, if there is after all not the least necessity of any explanation at all?

Take the story of Curma the farmer and the story of Stephen the Illustrious, recorded respectively by Augustine and Gregory as miracles, each happening within his own knowledge. Mr. Warfield knew positively in advance that Curma the farmer could not die and then come back to life again, saying they had made a mistake in the place of the dead and really wanted Curma the smith, who died soon afterwards. He knew in advance that this same thing could not happen a hundred years later to Stephen the Illustrious and Stephen the smith. He knew it because, as he said, God does not act in that way. He knew that from the words of Scripture and the nature of revelation that no miracle could happen at that date. Why then give six pages to discussing the veracity of Augustine and Gregory and the likelihood of their having cribbed the story from Lucian, who had told it two or three centuries before? A discussion out of which, he says triumphantly, "Augustine comes with his feathers ruffled enough." The society of psychical research perhaps might make something out of it. But why should a very religious man who was entirely sure of the matter on other grounds ruffle so needlessly and so long the feathers of Augustine?

The attitude we ought to assume toward miracles was explained several times and with great emphasis at the beginning: Because Christ is all in all and revelation is with him complete, it is inconceivable that there should be any further revelation or further signs of revelation. Miracles were signs of revelation. They were in the authentification of the apostles. "Had any miracles perchance occurred beyond the Apostolic age they would be without significance." The evidence for miracles, no matter what it may be, is worthless. This being firmly laid down at the beginning, why so much as look at any later miracle? If we assume the attitude demanded of us what reason remains for continuing to read the book?

It cannot be so simple as it looks, but to a mind untrained in Protestant theology the following analogy does not seem unfair: Suppose you know you do not own a dog, know it as a fact and feel it in every fibre of your being, are just as certain that you do not own a dog as the present writer is that no miracles later than the second century are of God. Suppose now a neighbor tells you that your dog has killed his chickens. Impossible, you say, I do not own a dog, but in the next breath you ask for his evidence. He brings it in from all quarters. It is voluminous and in many tongues. You read it all and take notes. You prove that some of the manuscripts are not genuine, that others have no bearing on the subject, that still others bear evidence of having been written by persons of unsound minds. You ask to be confronted by witnesses. They come in troops, and you spend days in examining their credentials. You point out to your accuser the thousand possibilities of error. You show that the idea that a dog has killed chickens is a not uncommon form of hysteria. You call in physicians, veterinary surgeons and ornithologists. You try to prove that the chickens died a natural death, that they were bitten by some wild animal, that they were bitten by the dog of the neighbor who lives across the street.

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Would it not be strange if a third person drawn by the noise but not carried away by the heat of the discussion, and not lost in the increasing complexity of its succeeding phases—would it not be strange if he did not interject the remark: But, after all, he says he does not own a dog, and if he can prove that why continue?

My question no doubt proceeds from simplicity of mind and the answer is no doubt involved in the very issue of Protestant theology.

C. M. FRANCIS.

Songs from the Pit

Fairies and Fusiliers, by Robert Graves. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00.

The Other Side, by Gilbert Frankau. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00.

THE poetry of Synge and Stevenson, a secondary matter to both of them, make a strange combination. The deliberately childish utterance of the one and the deliberately wanton brutality of the other would seem to go ill together. Yet in the poetry of Robert Graves they meet and mingle in a technique often bizarre, often poignant. Occasionally he gives us pure Stevenson, as in

> Children born of fairy stock
> Never need for shirt or frock,
> Never want for food or fire,
> Always get their heart's desire;

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and occasionally in his nearly continuous mockery at men and things he approaches the savage lust for crude blood and bones that distinguishes the verse of the misanthropic Irishman. A Dead Boche makes its point in the manner of the ballad of Danny, that most ungodly of Synge's diableries, and in the grim Child's Nightmare the strains unite.

They unite again in the bleak symbolism and brief bald syllables of Dead Cow Farm. Tiny as it is, this poem finds space to hint at more desolation than many a volume of realistic details:

> An ancient saga tells us how
> In the beginning the First Cow
> (For nothing living yet had birth
> But Elemental Cow on earth)
> Began to lick cold stones and mud:
> Under her warm tongue flesh and blood
> Blossomed, a miracle to believe:
> And so was Adam born, and Eve.
> Here now is chaos once again,
> Primeval mud, cold stones and rain.
> Here flesh decays and blood drips red,
> And the Cow's dead, the old Cow's dead.

The stout first pouring of Housman was no better than this last line. Indeed, there are many good lines in Graves's volume, and many strains of music that lift just long enough to tantalize the ear. But it was built hastily as a bridge of dream spanning toward us from the bottom of a boggy inferno wherein armies wallowed and sank for an end they could not see. The poet tells us in The Next War that he is hopeless of the outcome. Despair has cramped his utterance. If it has not finally broken him he may give us better things in time; horror may turn to tragedy, and compost to flowers. Meanwhile it is amazing that so little of raw muck and blood clogs his lines, that he has been able to transmute into art so much of the bitterness and desperate isolation of modern men-at-arms.

Even lesser gods are the gods of Gilbert Frankau. He has knelt with his offering at the altars of Kipling and Service, but longer and more devotedly at the second shrine. Many a house of words supported by temporary war scaffolding has fallen now that the props are out, and Frankau's goes down with the rest. But the book has most of the merit and few of the rude defects of the Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. It is well done within its limitations. Had the war continued it would have made a likely candidate for the same sort of underground, smouldering popularity.

The Future of the Ottoman Empire

Crescent and Iron Cross, by E. F. Benson. New York: Doran and Company. $1.25.

BETWEEN America and Turkey there has been a severance of relations, but no war. Nevertheless, when on January 8, 1918, President Wilson, in reply to the Russian challenge, set forth with detail and precision the fourteen conditions which are now ostensibly the basis of the peace to be made with the Central Powers, the liberation of the subject peoples of the Ottoman Empire was coupled with "self-determination" for the Turks. That Turkey, in reply, did not immediately declare war was a sign and a portent. For Turkish foreign policy was dictated from Berlin, and the future of Turkey had been determined in Berlin. A declaration of war on the part of Turkey would have added the United States in an "internationally-legal" way to the powers sharing against Germany the potentiality of determining the fate of Turkey. And it was not to imperial Germany's interest that this should be so. Turkey was the base of the economic arch of Mittel-Europa, the keystone of the military arch of the contemplated hegemony of Asia and Africa. The German overlordship of Turkey had hence to be preserved by any and all means—by the massacre of the Armenians, by the abortive assaults on the "Arabs" and the Jews, by the economic penetration of the unhappy Ottoman Empire.

Mr. Benson does not say this. His work is largely a survey of the established dominion of the Germans in Turkey, particularly of those aspects of it which have developed during the war. It is well written, with a power of phrase unusual in works of this type, but also with a passion and a somewhat infantile irony that greatly detract from the force and persuasiveness of his narrative. The mere data of this are sufficient. To any one acquainted with the programme of Mittel-Europa they make clear immediately that the pan-Germans had been preparing in Turkey for after the war. They make clear immediately why this high sovereign power, the Ottoman Empire, failed to resent the "deadly insult" levelled at it by the chief magistrate of a nation with which it was officially at peace. They make clear immediately why the chief magistrate found it necessary to make this "insult" one of his explicit conditions of a peace settlement.

The Young Turks, Mr. Benson points out, reversed the policy of the "Old Turks." Those had impressed the youth of their subject-populations into their armies, had Moslemized them and had then used them to misgovern the peoples of their own blood. The Young Turks, on the other hand, used their armies to kill out these non-Turkish peoples. They did it with the connivance of the Germans. They did it to the Armenians, and they were prevented from accomplishing it upon the Jews and Arabs. They planned it, and carried it out as a part of the programme of Turkish nationalism; to establish the numerical supremacy of the Turks in the empire, the dominion of the Turkish language and Turkish culture. They were encouraged by the Germans because the Turks are the most inferior people in the empire; because German control might meet competition among Syrians and Armenians, but could meet none among Turks. To ensure control they had since the war added to their already great concessions in railroads, harbors and irrigation, the control of most of the railroads in the empire, the control of the coal mines at Rodesto and of the copper mines at Arghana Maden. By treaty, January 11, 1917, they acquired control of the whole reorganization of the economic system of Turkey, and already in 1916 they had it arranged that German law might replace the Shuriat. They had undertaken the Germanification of young Ottomans by means of the schools and of all industries by means of concessions. But their most astute operation was the bankruptcy of Turkey, which gave them, victorious or defeated, a stranglehold on the land. They did it by taking away all the Turkish bullion and replacing it by German paper notes to the amount of about seven hundred and fifty million dollars. This paper is to be redeemed in gold, at par, two years after the end of the war. To this paper they added more, in the shape of a loan, just after failure of the Gallipoli campaign, and then they added further loans. As it had been made a crim-

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Preliminary Lectures—February-May, 1919

COURSE No. 1—*The Industrial Transition from the Eighteenth Century to the Twentieth*

Twelve lectures by THORSTEIN VEBLEN

Thursday afternoons, from four to six o'clock

AN INQUIRY into the nature of those changes which have taken place in the scope and method of industry between the middle of the eighteenth century and the present time; together with a consideration of the consequences which these changes have brought about in the productive capacity of the industrial system, in the ownership and control of trade and industry, and in the resulting distribution of wealth. The inquiry will also endeavor to show the relation of these industrial changes to current questions of peace and of the self-determination of nations.

Fee for course, $15.00

COURSE No. 2—*The Relation of Education to Social Progress*

Twelve lectures by JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Friday evenings, from eight to ten o'clock

THE OBJECT of this course is to consider the present deficiencies of education as a means of promoting social readjustment. It will include an analysis of the traditional elements in our current system, and attempt to distinguish between those that are vital and those that have become anachronisms in our dynamic age. The great additions to our knowledge of man made during the past quarter of a century will be reviewed, a matter which receives but slight attention in our colleges and universities, and account will be taken of the extraordinary revolution which has during the same period taken place in our social environment, since this, even if there had been no great increase in our knowledge of man, would have rendered a fundamental revision of our educational system essential. Lastly, an attempt will be made to determine the ways in which education should be readjusted so as to forward the reform of existing evils.

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COURSE No. 3—*Problems of American Government*

Twelve lectures by CHARLES A. BEARD, *Director of the Bureau of Municipal Research and Training for Public Service, assisted by members of the Bureau Staff.*

These lectures will be given at the Bureau, 261 Broadway, and by arrangement are open to students in the School of Social Research.

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Twelve lectures by EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

Wednesday afternoons, from four to six o'clock

THE LONG predominance of habitual conduct over individual initiative in primitive society and in the early empires; the biological and social limitations which tend to foster habit and to develop it beyond its proper sphere; the technique of habit-breaking inaugurated by the Greeks and becoming a characteristic of western society; an effort to appraise the amount of excessive and undesirable habit in thought and action generally connected with such concepts as nationalism, religion, the status of women, etc.

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COURSE No. 5—*Representative Government*

Six lectures by HAROLD J. LASKI

Monday afternoons, February 10 to March 17, from four to six o'clock

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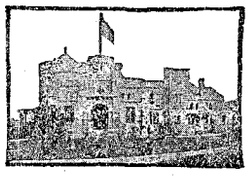

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inal offence to hoard gold, German paper had to circulate. Soon, however, it had to be used as a "reserve" and fresh paper was issued with the old paper as its guaranty. The result is that all German paper has depreciated so that the Turkish gold pound, which is worth 100 piastres in silver, is worth more than 280 piastres in German paper. In all, Turkey has received from Germany in paper just about 142 million pounds. She is to repay this, at par, with interest of course, in gold. Turkey will never, as the German financiers and the astute Young Turk rulers of Turkey know, be able to do this. Germany will collect her claim by appropriating the natural resources of that rich land, kept a desert for a thousand years through misgovernment.

Prior to the war the most serious rival of Germany in the exploitation of Turkey was France. England had interests, since greatly expanded, but France was foremost. Mr. Benson suggests—and his suggestion smells of an official understanding, a secret treaty in fact, between the powers of the Entente—that the solution of the Turkish problem would be the formal establishment of a French protectorate in Syria, the concentration of the Turks in Anatolia, and so on. The proposal is in complete harmony with the tradition of the old imperialism. It is entirely contrary to the President's. That demands clearly and explicitly freedom and security for all the peoples in the Turkish empire, the Turks included. Between the real Turks in Anatolia and the offspring of the Janizzaries in Constantinople there is no community, either of blood or of speech or of culture. Anatolians have been the victims of a tyrannical military autocracy only in less degree than the Armenians, Arabs and Jews. First the present Ottoman government must be destroyed. Then the Ottoman lands and people must, like the Ottoman debt, be assigned, as the Inter-Allied Labor and Socialist Conference suggests, to international guardianship. No more spheres of influence, no more protectorates. As Mr. Wilson has insisted, and as he must now most vigorously demand, the interests of the peoples concerned come first. If these interests are to be safeguarded, there is necessary an international commission which will protect all of them from the exploitation which has been their lot in the past—the Turks of Anatolia no less than the Arabs of the Hedjaz; the Kurds, no less than the Armenians. Particularly must they be protected from the financial manipulation by which their present nefarious government has loaded them with an overwhelming burden of taxation. If ever there was a national debt meriting repudiation, the present debt of the Turks to the Germans merits it.

H. M. K.

Contributors

to this issue

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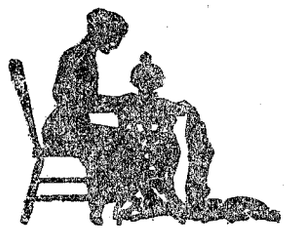

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